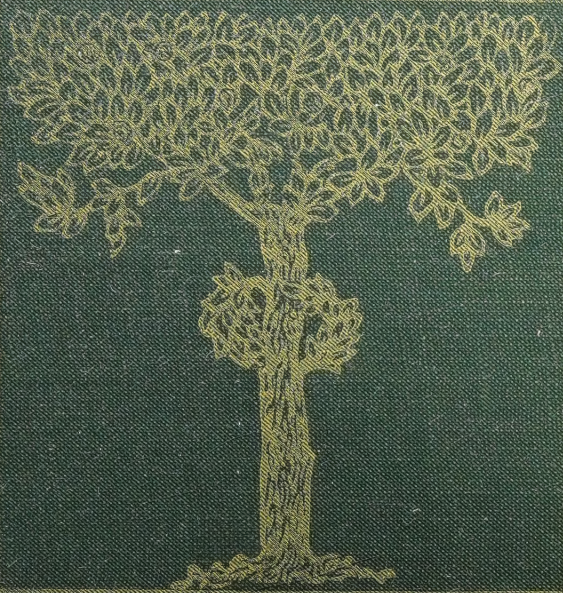



TIMON
OF ATHENS



THE ARDEN
SHAKESPEARE

D. C. HEATH & CO





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THE ARDEN SHAKESPEARE

General Editor, C. H. HERFORD, Litt.D., University of Manchester

TIMON OF ATHENS

EDITED BY
ERNEST HUNTER WRIGHT

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH IN
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY



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TIMON OF ATHENS

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GENERAL PREFACE

IN this edition of SHAKESPEARE an attempt is made to present the greater plays of the dramatist in their literary aspect, and not merely as material for the study of philology or grammar. Criticism purely verbal and textual has only been included to such an extent as may serve to help the student in the appreciation of the essential poetry. Questions of date and literary history have been fully dealt with in the Introductions, but the larger space has been devoted to the interpretative rather than the matter-of-fact order of scholarship. Æsthetic judgments are never final, but the Editors have attempted to suggest points of view from which the analysis of dramatic motive and dramatic character may be profitably undertaken. In the Notes likewise, while it is hoped that all unfamiliar expressions and allusions have been adequately explained, yet it has been thought even more important to consider the dramatic value of each scene, and the part which it plays in relation to the whole. These general principles are common to the whole series; in detail each Editor is alone responsible for the play or plays that have been intrusted to him.

Every volume of the series has been provided with a Glossary, an Essay upon Metre, and an Index; and Appendices have been added upon points of special interest which could not conveniently be treated in the Introduction or the Notes. The text is based by the several Editors on that of the *Globe* edition.

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INTRODUCTION

1. HISTORY OF THE PLAY

Because in style and sentiment it resembles other plays of Shakespeare's later period in tragedy, *Timon of Athens* is thought to have been written about 1608. There is no other evidence as to its date; for though it was printed in the Folios, it was mentioned nowhere else until nearly half a century after Shakespeare's death. This singular silence about the play, and the still more singular enigmas within it, have left it one of the most tantalizing problems in Shakespeare.

In the Folio the play is markedly peculiar. Corruptions of the text are unusually common and eccentric. Patches of verse are printed frequently as prose, and still more frequently plain prose is set up to look as much as possible like verse; so that the modern editor is often at a loss to say just what is meant for verse and what for prose. In some scenes this verse is regular, in others it is strangely irregular; some scenes are wholly or comparatively free from rhyme, others are full of it; some, in a word, are written in a technique very like Shakespeare's in his later tragic period, others in a technique unlike his at any period. And quite as striking is the unevenness of *Timon* in artistic quality. Scenes unmistakably Shakespearian in passion, thought, and imagery stand side by side with scenes so tame and trivial as long since to have raised the question whether Shakespeare had any part in them. Nor do the singularities end here. There are direct contradictions in characters and names and other actual facts within the play. Persons come into one scene unexpectedly, only to disappear thereafter and remain enigmas.¹ At one

¹ For example, the Page and the Fool in ii. 2, or Philotus, Titus, and Hortensius in iii. 4.

place a character appears in a stage direction but not in the scene it introduces¹; at another, characters are said to be about to enter who do not arrive until three scenes later²; at a third, characters are announced who never enter.³ Names get mixed. Flavius is one man in i. 2, but another man in ii. 2. 194; while in iii. 1. and iii. 4, this latter man becomes Flaminius. Lucius is a lord and friend of Timon in i. 2, ii. 2, iii. 2, and iii. 3; but in iii. 4 he is seemingly a servant of one of Timon's creditors.

These and many other anomalies, to be noted later, were long thought to have been caused solely by the carelessness of copyists, printers, or editors. But in 1838 Knight⁴ published an argument that *Timon* was the work of two authors — that it was originally written by a very inferior dramatist, and somewhat more than half rewritten by Shakespeare. This theory was elaborated by Delius⁵ in 1867, and nearly half the critics since that time have accepted it. A rival theory, however, suggested by Verplanck⁶ in 1847 and ably argued by Fleay⁷ in 1874, contends that Shakespeare wrote the original play and that the other author reworked it into the incongruous shape in which we have it. And somewhat more than half the critics have accepted this view. Evidently a good deal is involved here — nothing less, indeed, than Shakespeare's responsibility for the play as it stands. It is therefore our business to determine first what parts of the play Shakespeare wrote and then whether he wrote first or last. But another problem, which will later help us to answer these questions, must come up at the beginning: namely, that of the sources of the play.⁸

¹ The Mercer, in the first stage direction of i. 1; in modern editions he is left out of the stage direction.

² The Poet and the Painter, iv. 3. 356.

³ The Senators, i. 2. 180.

⁴ Preface to *Timon* in the *Pictorial Edition*.

⁵ *Jahrbuch der deutschen Shakespeare Gesellschaft*, II.

⁶ Preface to *Timon* in *Shakespeare's Plays*, 1847.

⁷ *Transactions of the New Shakspeare Society*, 1874.

⁸ For a fuller consideration of all these questions than is possible here see my book on *The Authorship of Timon of Athens*, 1910.

2. SOURCES OF THE PLAY

The misanthropic Timon who passed his life in Athens at the time of the Peloponnesian Wars lived on after his death as a figure in Greek comedy, where there are many slurring references to him, and where one play, now lost, took him for its hero. More than a century later, Alexandrian epigrammatists were writing epitaphs upon him, and two of these, passing through Plutarch, found their way into the double epitaph in our play.¹ Several Roman writers spoke of Timon; among others, the geographer Strabo briefly recounts his pessimistic life. Plutarch, in his *Life of Antony*, expands the story and tells how Timon was deserted by his friends, fled from Athens, and saw no company except Alcibiades, whom he tolerated as the future scourge of Athens, and Apemantus, who was congenial for his doggedness. Once, as they ate together, Apemantus said, "Here is a trim banquet, Timon"; "Yea," replied the latter, "so thou wert not here." On another day Timon offered the Athenians a tree of his to hang themselves on. He was buried by the sea, and the water came in and hid his tomb. Plutarch quotes the two epitaphs just mentioned. All these incidents are found in our play, and Plutarch is therefore one sure source for it.

In the century after Plutarch we meet the first full treatment of Timon's story in Lucian's comic dialogue of *Timon the Misanthrope*. This amusing work opens upon Timon in poverty, digging in the fields, but it relates the story of his former prosperous days and of his lavish generosity to the friends who later deserted him. Zeus listens to Timon's prayer for vengeance on those friends, and sends Plutus to direct him to dig in a certain spot. After much demurring, Timon finally digs there, and unearths a mass of gold. This is the first place where the discovery of gold is mentioned in the Timon legend, and the use to which the man-hater puts it is a great step forward in the direction of the Shakespearian play. His former friends come rushing to

¹ v. 4. 70.

him from the city when they learn that he is rich again — Gnathonides, bringing a dainty new song for him; Philiaides, to whom he had once given a portion for his daughter; Demecas, whom he had once delivered from prison by the payment of sixteen talents; and a host of others. One and all they are received with blows from his spade.

With Lucian the ancient legend practically closes, and the mediæval period is silent about Timon. In the Renaissance he reappeared and indeed inspired what is usually known as the first modern comedy — Boiardo's *Il Timone*, written before 1494. But neither this nor a second *Timone*, by Caretto, was known to the authors of our play.

In Shakespeare's England, Timon's story was well known. Plutarch was translated in 1579, and thirteen years earlier his story about Timon had found its way into Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*. From this date on, Timon is frequently mentioned, in plays and elsewhere, as a stock exponent of misanthropy — notably in Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost*, iv. 3. 169. Then, around 1600, the story is made into a play.¹ The author of this knew his Lucian well and followed him with care in the main plot of the play. Yet he found certain changes and many additions advisable, and as some of these appear again in our play, they are the most interesting features of his work. Departing from all earlier writers, he devotes half of his comedy to Timon in prosperity, scattering gold among the people, reveling with friends, enriching favorites, discharging his steward for protesting at his prodigality, receiving him again in a disguise, paying one Entrapelus out of a usurer's hands with five talents, rescuing Demecas from the law with sixteen, even falling in love with the daughter of the miserly Philargurus, who accepts him because he asks no dowry. Then his calamity comes, and he is penniless. Instantly his friends are "sick to see his face." Only the steward clings to him, as in the Shakespearian play. Through the steward he announces that he still has a little money and wants to spend it in one last feast for

¹ Edited by Dyce, *Shakespeare Society Transactions*, 1842.

his friends. The latter gather with great appetites, but are treated only to a hail of stones painted like artichokes. This, incidentally, is the first we hear of the mock-banquet which — as we know, forms the climax of the Shakespearian play. Timon now leaves the city to dig in the fields. He is still followed by the steward, though he can scarcely suffer even this faithful servitor to dig in a far corner of the ground; he hates all men. When he spades up gold, it only adds to his vexation. He will straightway bury it again or drown it in the ocean. Even when dissuaded by the steward from that course, he is intent only on taking it off to some desert place where he may live alone. “Thee also will I fly,” he tells the steward; “thy love doth vex me.” But he cannot fly so fast as to escape the sycophants who now come flocking to his new-found treasure, and who receive, as in Lucian, proper treatment from his spade. Even when they are gone he does not fly. Instead, at the last moment, he begins to “feel a sudden change”; and to make a happy ending he throws off his surliness and goes home to Athens. The end is not entirely out of keeping, for despite some heavy scenes the spirit of the whole piece, as of every earlier treatment of the story, is comic, and often even farcical.

A few years later, in our play, the story became one of the bitterest of tragedies. In the strict sense of the term, this play had no source — nothing to correspond, for instance, to the older *King John* on which Shakespeare modeled his play of that name. Hints and characters and episodes, however, the author took wherever he could find them. Plutarch could give him little, but that little he used to the full. Yet when he had expanded it tenfold and added a detail or two from Plutarch’s *Life of Alcibiades*, he had still far from enough to fill a play. For most of the details of Timon’s life — his early affluence, his benefactions to flatterers, their desertion of him, his change of nature, his mock-banquet, his departure from Athens, his digging in the fields, discovery of gold, repulsion of the friends who flock to him — for all these, and for the characters of Ventidius, the Old Athenian, and the faithful

steward, the dramatist went elsewhere. There are only two places where he could have found any of them — Lucian and the English comedy.

It has nearly always been said that he went to Lucian, who was accessible in Latin, Italian, and French translations, and not to the English play, which seems to have been a university performance, probably unknown in London. But it seems clear that this view is wrong and that, whether he knew Lucian or not, the dramatist certainly knew the English play. This is the evidence:

In the first scene Timon redeems Ventidius from prison with five talents. In the old play Eutrapelus asks Timon for four talents to pay a usurer, and Timon answers, "Yea, take five." The nearest parallel in Lucian, and this too is repeated in the old play, is the rescue of Demeas, where the sum is sixteen talents.

In the same scene Timon endows a servant in order that the latter may wed the daughter of a certain Old Athenian. In the old play the miser Philargurus is eager to marry his daughter to a wealthy husband. In Lucian, Timon is said to have endowed the daughter of a certain Philiades. One parallel is about as close as the other.

Half of our play is devoted to Timon in luxury. This part of his life was first presented in the old comedy, being only implied in Lucian. About the middle of both dramas the hero goes bankrupt, is deserted, turns misanthrope, and leaves Athens.

The crowd that flocks to Timon's new-found wealth, in our play, is equally like that in the old play and that in Lucian, or rather equally unlike either. The only possible specific similarity is in the character of the Poet, and he is as much like the Hermogenes of the old version, who can sing and fiddle, as the Gnathonides of Lucian, who brings Timon the latest song from Athens.

All the features of our play, then, that could have come from Lucian could quite as well have come from the old play, and some of them — as the five talents that rescue a debtor — are paralleled in the old play alone. Now over and above this we have the faithful steward and the

mock-banquet in both the plays, though never hinted at in Lucian. The idea of giving Timon a loyal steward, and especially the device of holding a mock-banquet, surely would not have occurred to two authors independently. We are therefore driven to the conclusion — unless we suppose some lost source — that our tragedy derives in part from the old play. That it may derive from Lucian also is possible, but cannot be proved.

For later reference it will be useful to give a table (page xii) showing at just what points hints from the sources entered into the play.

3. A DIVISION OF AUTHORSHIP

The evidence as to what Shakespeare wrote and what he did not write in *Timon* is entirely internal, and is of three main kinds:

1. *Æsthetic evidence* decides whether a passage is excellent enough, in sheer artistic quality, for Shakespeare's work, and whether it is too good to have come from the other author in the play. Upon this basis, for instance, it is more or less agreed that about one-third of this play is such poetry as no one but Shakespeare could have written; that another third is quite good enough for him in an average mood, when he is not stirred by great passion, but also hardly better than several other dramatists of the time might have written; and that the last third is such flat stuff as Shakespeare nowhere wrote in quantity. But in the play these three styles are by no means separated as in our statement of them. On the contrary, they are often perplexingly jumbled. And while æsthetic evidence takes us a good way, it fails at many points to render a decisive verdict. Where a whole scene is supreme in quality, for instance, we are safe in pronouncing Shakespeare's authorship, and where an entire scene is frankly inane we can be sure of the other author's hand. But where we meet a brief passage of inferior quality we must be careful not to judge too hastily, and where the two styles appear puzzlingly mixed up in the same scene or passage, we shall have very hard work to separate them on æsthetic evidence unassisted.

THE PROBABLE SOURCES OF THE INCIDENTS IN *Timon of Athens*

Passage	Incident	Plutarch or Painter	The Timon Comedy	Lucian (?)
Acts i, ii, and iii.	Timon's benevolence, gifts to flatterers, bankruptcy; the desertion of his friends, and his change to misanthropy.	Implied.	First realized.	Narrated.
i. 1. 94-109.	Redemption of Ventidious (5 talents).		Of Eutrapelus (5 talents). Of Demeas (16 talents).	Of Demeas (16 talents).
i. 1. 110-151.	The old Athenian with his daughter.		Philargurus and daughter.	Philiades.
ii. 2; iv. 3; and <i>passim</i> .	The faithful steward.			
iii. 6.	The mock-banquet.			
iv. 3. 25-	Discovery of gold.			"
iv. 3. 27-	Apostrophe to gold.			" (?)
iv. 3. 45 -	Resolution to bury it.			
iv. 3 and v. 1.	Crowd of flatterers come to new-found treasure; no specific imitation except possibly in the introduction of the character of the poet.		Poet = Hermogenes, fiddler and singer (?).	Poet = Gnathonides, who brings a new song (?).
iv. 3. 106-	Timon encourages Alcibiades because the latter will work harm to Athens.			
iv. 3. 81-	Timandra.			
iv. 3. 283-	Timon would rather eat in Apemantus's absence.			
v. 1. 208-	Offers a tree for Athenians to hang themselves.			
v. 1. 218; v. 4. 65; and <i>passim</i> .	Buried on sea shore.			
v. 4. 70-	The epitaphs.			

2. *Metrical evidence* compares the technical traits of Shakespeare's verse, in other plays of the same period, — the relative number of run-on lines, of feminine endings, of irregular lines, of rhymes, etc. — with those of the verse in this play. These devices of verse are largely unconscious with most authors, and so are relatively constant; and therefore this species of evidence is frequently more valid than the pure æsthetic judgment. But, of course, it must not be urged too far when we are dealing with very short passages, where a few exceptional lines may make a great difference in percentages; and naturally it does not apply to prose at all. Where it can be used, however, the metrical evidence within this play is exceptionally strong. For if we tabulate the evidence only for such scenes as are assuredly Shakespeare's — like iv. 1 — and for such scenes as the other author certainly wrote — like i. 2, — we find that the ratio of Shakespeare's rhymes to the other author's is as four to twenty, of their irregular lines as four to eighteen. The feminine endings and the run-on lines are less indicative and somewhat less constant, averaging 22 to 14 and 27 to 12 respectively. Another mark of the inferior author is found in aimless shifts from prose to verse and back again, as illustrated all through i. 2. But this again is not constant, being prominent in some of the inferior author's scenes but absent from others.

3. Another kind of evidence applicable to this play is that which allows logical deduction from certain of the confusions and contradictions in which the play abounds. It is not necessary to describe this here, but examples of it will be found as we proceed.

Using these various kinds of evidence, we may now state concisely the grounds on which we have divided the play between the authors.

i. 1. 1-175. No one has ever doubted that this passage is Shakespeare's. Without reaching his grand style, it is nevertheless much too skillful and too imaginative for the other author, and its orderly prosody shows none of that author's distortions.

i. 1. 176-293. In part, the evidences leave us doubtful

break the splendid flight of poetry at line 195 are subject to debate. Practically without exception, critics have given these lines to the inferior author, because the singular intrusion of a bit of prose at such a point has every semblance of interpolation. We shall depart, however, from this general belief, and shall argue that all but one of these prose lines belong to Shakespeare. Such a theory may well seem trivial at first sight; but that the theory, by accident, holds a more important place in our argument than the lines themselves hold in the play will be apparent when he come to discuss it.

iii. 1 and iii. 2. Something of the importance of that theory, indeed, may be seen immediately. In the prose bit just mentioned, Timon sends three servants to beg of three friends — Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius — and three scenes follow in which the lords deny those requests. Now a purely æsthetic judgment as to the first two scenes — although, since they are mainly prose, it will not be final — points to Shakespeare; while an æsthetic and metrical judgment on the third scene, mainly in bad verse, indicates the other author. In the Lucullus scene the dialogue is dexterous enough, the characterization subtle enough, the prose facile enough, for Shakespeare; while the one speech in verse seems characteristic of him. And so in the Lucius scene. But the Sempronius scene is very different and has many indications of the other author. A logical necessity, however, has usually forced the ascription of all three scenes to the inferior dramatist; for it is apparent that, if the ten lines of prose in the last scene were interpolated, then these three scenes must have been interpolated also. And so most critics give all three scenes to the inferior author, sometimes unwillingly, and only because of the necessity of logic. That necessity we shall try later to remove. For the present we need say only that the æsthetic verdict is for Shakespeare in the first two scenes.

iii. 3. The Sempronius scene is widely different in style from those of Lucius and Lucullus. It is in very ragged verse — and verse showing all of the inferior author's

eccentricities. From the thirty-four lines of this scene alone we might make an inventory of his metrical anomalies. And furthermore, the same logical necessity just mentioned will, when we come to discuss it, force this scene upon the inferior author.

iii. 4. All but unanimously ascribed to the inferior author. The style is mediocre, when not positively silly; the verse, where it is distinguishable from the prose with which it alternates about every twenty lines, abounds in irregularities and rhymes. In addition, three of the creditors here are utterly unknown in Shakespeare's part of the play, and a fourth, Lucius, surely cannot be the Lucius that Shakespeare has already introduced.

iii. 5. By the inferior author. To motivate the last half of the play, the author must get Alcibiades banished. In his hurry he seems to have adopted the first plan that occurred to him. He procures the banishment by having Alcibiades anger the senate by imploring mercy for the unknown author of an unknown crime, nowhere else mentioned in the play; and the scene has no reference to Timon nor the remotest relation with anything that has gone before it in the drama. The introduction of a crime and criminal elsewhere unknown, to motivate a scene wholly disconnected from everything preceding it, can hardly be considered Shakespeare's work. The mediocrity of the style and the technique of the verse put the matter practically beyond dispute.

iii. 6. Every one admits that Shakespeare alone was capable of the one piece of verse in this scene. But about the prose there has been much doubt and guessing. There is little or no reason to think that Shakespeare did not write it; one speech at least — the long one just preceding the verse — is very like him; and as he surely wrote the verse of the scene, he probably wrote the prose also. This probability will gain strength on a later page.

iv. 1. Unanimously ascribed to Shakespeare.

iv. 2. It is all but universally agreed that no one but Shakespeare could have written to line 30 of this scene and that he would never have been guilty of the twenty

lines that follow. The first thirty lines make up the tenderest scene in *Timon*; the last twenty form a soliloquy, tagged on to the scene, and exhibiting the inferior author's faults in plenty.

iv. 3. In this scene Timon's cave is visited by Alcibiades, Apemantus, certain Banditti, and the steward. It will be convenient to consider their visits separately.

Alcibiades (1-196). Shakespeare's throughout.

Apemantus (197-398). To line 291 Shakespeare admittedly wrote; at line 292 the other author began. Any one can feel the drop at that point from the stateliness of Shakespeare's poetry to the foolery of the other author's prose. But it has not been so easy to say where the inferior author stopped. Certainly he left off before line 376, for after that Shakespeare unmistakably reappears. Most critics, however, have thought he discontinued fifteen lines earlier, at line 362, though for the sole reason that the verse begins again at that point. There is far better reason to show that he wrote through to line 376. For twenty lines before that Apemantus has been taking leave of Timon:

Apem. Yonder comes a poet and a painter: the plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way
When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon!

Apem. A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All villains that do stand by thee are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee.

I'll beat thee, but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!

Choler does kill me that thou art alive;

I swoon to see thee.

Apem. Would thou wouldst burst!

Tim. Away, thou tedious rogue!

I am sorry I shall lose a stone by thee.

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!

And after this last breathless anathema, after the stone is hurled at him, does Apemantus not decamp? Not at all! Certain he is gone, we read on into the soliloquy that Timon now begins; and at the end we start at finding that the cynic has stayed through it all. Only one inference is then possible. Shakespeare wrote the soliloquy; the other author must have written the leave-taking that precedes it; for we may be sure that Shakespeare never wrote such a valediction only to keep a character on the stage.

The spurious work, then, runs from line 291 to line 376. And now note how the latter line, if we cut all that intervenes, links with perfect sequence to the former. Timon has just showed Apemantus his gold:

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best and truest;

For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm. (line 291)

I am sick of this false world, and will love nought (line 376)

But even the mere necessities upon't.

He despises treasure and will love only roots; and one finds it hard to think that the sentences were not consecutive as Shakespeare wrote them. But even if Shakespeare's parts did not fit so nicely, we might be sure that the limits of the spurious work are fixed.

The Banditti (400-462). Admitting that the body of this scene is Shakespeare's, many critics yet ascribe the opening and closing bits of dialogue between the bandits to the other author. The sole reason for thinking these spurious is that they are in prose, and this reason is of the slightest. Shakespeare clearly meant the bandits to hold some dialogue before addressing Timon — for he makes the latter prepare to "eat and abhor them" — and it is very likely that he wrote the dialogue himself.

The Steward (463-543). Both authors are fairly evident

here. In the flat lines of the opening soliloquy, for instance, the signature of the inferior author seems manifest in his unfailing irregularities and rhymes. But when the steward speaks to Timon (line 478), the style leaps into poetry, and the metrical tokens of the minor author — save for a single rhyme — vanish. This poetry, surely Shakespeare's, continues to line 508. Then, after a broken line, starts a prosaic digression, filled with Timon's contradictory suspicions of the steward, whom he has just pronounced "so true, so just," and showing enough of the inferior author's metrical tricks to make his hand highly probable. This digression over at line 530, the thought of line 508 is taken up again in a style such as only Shakespeare wrote. We need not argue that this exact division is beyond dispute. It seems pretty certain, however, that the opening soliloquy is spurious, and the passage thence to line 508, as also the passage after line 530, genuine; but the digression between these two passages is somewhat more doubtful.

v. 1. Admittedly Shakespeare's after line 57, and probably his throughout. The chief reason why some critics give the first fifty-seven lines to the other author is that they are mainly in prose. But the prose is Shakespearian enough.

v. 2. Shakespeare.

v. 3. The inferior author.

v. 4. Shakespeare.

The last three scenes are practically uncontested. It may be convenient, in summary, to list the scenes and passages that we have ascribed to Shakespeare: i. 1; ii. 1; ii. 2, 1-46, 133-242 (*except one line*); iii. 1; iii. 2; iii. 6; iv. 1; iv. 2, 1-29; iv. 3, 1-291, 376-462, 479-508, 530-543; v. 1; v. 2; v. 4.

It may also be useful to append a metrical table of the verse as written by Shakespeare and by the other author.

4. SHAKESPEARE THE ORIGINAL AUTHOR

So far we have been taking the play apart; now we must try to see how it came to be put together in the incongruous form in which we have it. Was it Shakespeare or the other

SHAKESPEARE'S VERSE

Passage	Verses	Feminine Endings		Run-on Lines		Rhymes		Irregular Lines	
		No.	%	No.	%	No.	%	No.	%
i. 1. 1-184; 249-264; 284-293.	210	51	.24	57	.27	2	.01-	4	.02-
ii. 1.	35	7	.20	12	.34	2	.06-	3	.09-
ii. 2. 1-46.	46	11	.24	10	.22	2	.04+	3	.07-
ii. 2. 133-242.	109	31	.28	30	.28	4	.04-	7	.07-
iii. 1. 50-66.	16	4	.25	4	.25	2	.12*	2	.12
iii. 2. 42-46; 68-94.	32	7	.22	6	.19	4	.12*	4	.12
iii. 6. 98-115.	18	2	.11	4	.22	4	.22*	1	.06-
iv. 1.	40	5	.12	10	.25	6	.15*	1	.02+
iv. 2. 1-29.	29	8	.28	4	.14	2	.07-	1	.03+
iv. 3. 1-291; 376-398; 418-452; 478-508; 530-543.	390	76	.20	104	.27	10	.03-	15	.04-
v. 1. 44-231.	188	48	.26	44	.23	10	.05+	4	.02+
v. 2.	17	5	.29	6	.35	2	.12*	0	.00
v. 4.	85	10	.12	35	.41	4	.05-	1	.01+
Totals	1215	265	.22	326	.27	54	.04+	46	.04-

THE SPURIOUS VERSE

Passage	Verses	Feminine Endings		Run-on Lines		Rhymes		Irregular Lines	
		No.	%	No.	%	No.	%	No.	%
i. 2.	156	24	.15	19	.12	32	.21	24	.15
iii. 3.	34	7	.21	5	.15	6	.18	9	.26
iii. 4.	72	7	.10	7	.10	8	.11	12	.17
iii. 5.	117	20	.17	18	.15	30	.25	20	.17
iv. 2. 30-50.	22	2	.09	2	.09	8	.36	6	.27
iv. 3. 362-375.	13	0	.00	1	.08	0	.00†	2	.15
v. 3.	10	0	.00	1	.10	4	.40	1	.10
Totals	424	60	.14	53	.12	88	.21	74	.18

* The anomalies — the only striking ones in the table — are merely apparent. In each case they are caused by one or two final couplets, which in scenes of very few verses, of course, give a high percentage. Leave out all final couplets, and the column will range between 0 and 2 per cent.

† The only verses in which the inferior author did not rhyme are in this piece of repartee, in which rhyme would be out of the question.

author who finished the play, and which is therefore responsible for the play as it stands?

1. If we take our ascriptions of authorship as even roughly accurate, a glance will show that the scenes and passages most certainly spurious seem to be additions to a play that Shakespeare had already written. Shakespeare ends his first scene with all the persons going in to dinner, and the other author takes the hint and writes a banquet scene. Shakespeare closes his dunning scene (ii. 2. 46) by sending the creditors off the stage, and the author who made them turn and stay for foolery with Apemantus seems certainly to have written later. Then he repeats Shakespeare's dunning scene (iii. 4) and writes in the scene of Alcibiades' banishment, (iii. 5), the mere insulation of which argues it inserted in a play already written. Shakespeare writes the scene of the servants' parting (iv. 2), and the other author tags it with a soliloquy. Clearest of all, the drollery of Apemantus in iv. 3 seems foisted into a scene already completed, for the two lines between which it is inserted were apparently consecutive in Shakespeare. All this is good evidence that Shakespeare's was the first hand to touch the play.

2. In the last hundred lines of ii. 2, where Timon is sending to his friends for help, Shakespeare's poetry is at its height. Just about the center of the passage, however, occurs an ugly break, for ten lines only, into prose. Nor is the mere lapse into prose the oddest thing about the passage. Others will be noted if the prose be taken with its context:

Timon. And, in some sort, these wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them blessings; for by these
Shall I try friends. You shall perceive how you
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.
Within there! Flavius! Servilius!

Enter three SERVANTS

Ser. My lord? my lord?

Tim. I will dispatch you severally: you to Lord Lucius; to Lord Lucullus you, I hunted with his honour to-day; you to

Sempronius: commend me to their loves, and I am proud, say, that my occasions have found time to use 'em toward a supply of money. Let the request be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

Steward. Lord Lucius and Lucullus! Humh! (ii. 2. 190)

This will be enough to quote,¹ but we must remember what takes place in the rest of the scene. Note therefore that Timon turns to the steward, who is sneering at Lucius and Lucullus, and bids him go and demand a thousand talents from the senate; that the steward says the senate has refused already; and that Timon can then send him only to Ventidius.

Just before the prose begins, Timon calls two servants, Flavius and Servilius. Three answer; and one of these is Flaminius,² one Servilius,³ the third nameless. Clearly it took two hands to make these blunders; one author would not, in a breath, change the number of the servants and the name of one of them.

If this were all, the passage might be negligible. But it happens that this bit of prose, itself trivial, forms a kind of keystone in the first three acts. Many threads of plot begin or end or center in it, and nearly all the scenes in the first three acts connect, some of them strangely and suspiciously, with this bit of prose or with its context. For instance, throughout i. 2, but nowhere else, the steward's name is Flavius. Now just before our bit of prose, Timon, while talking with the steward, calls forth another servant named Flavius. But in the prose itself this name becomes Flaminius, and so remains thereafter. The facts may be suspected to have a connection. Again, in the prose bit Timon sends servants to Lucullus, Lucius, and Sempronius, and three scenes follow in which the servants interview

¹ It is important to preserve the Folio reading here, as we have done in the quotation. Many modern editors change *Flavius* (line 194) to *Flaminius*. This change ruins the metre of the line; and the name Flavius has already occurred in the play (i. 2) — of which occurrence later.

² That *Flam.* (line 203) stands for *Flaminius* is evident from the scene following.

³ As is evident from iii. 2.

these lords. Evidently any theory as to the author of the prose bit must agree with a theory as to the author of the three scenes. For instance, if the prose is interpolated, so must the scenes be. But so easy a solution is not right unless our æsthetic judgment is wrong, for we have already held for Shakespeare in the first two of these scenes (page xvi), and for the other author in the third. Curious, also, seem the connections of the prose bit with the second dunning scene (iii. 4). Flaminius, who only inherits this name in the bit of prose, reappears there; Sempronius, who is never mentioned in Shakespeare's part of the play, is referred to there; and a Lucius, too, is mentioned there, but not the Lucius of three scenes before. Finally, the real Lucius and Lucullus seem to appear at the mock-banquet; for though the guests are not named, the excuses of the first and second Lords fit Lucullus and Lucius respectively.

In short, our bit of prose not only contains queer errors in itself, but it connects, vitally or accidentally, with almost every scene in the first half of the play. An explanation of its errors will be important just in so far as it radiates through these connections. Let us recapitulate the complications which it may unravel. First we must see why the bit of prose is prose at all - why it breaks the verse at such an odd point; then why two servants become three; and why Flavius changes to Flaminius. Then we may learn the relation of the Flavius in i. 2 to the Flavius here; we may get further information about the Lucullus and Lucius scenes and possibly about the second dunning scene and the mock-banquet.

Every critic so far has held the whole bit of prose spurious, and every critic so believing has been led to complications worse than those with which he started. It seems more likely that only nine words of the passage are spurious; that nothing but the insertion of those words made prose of the rest of it, which Shakespeare wrote, and wrote in verse; and that in the passage as he wrote it there was no confusion as to names and numbers.

The hunting trip of Timon and Lucullus was not Shake-

speare's device. The other author planned it in i. 2. If that author wrote last — which we may assume in order to prove — one clause in the bit of prose must, then, be his — "I hunted with his honour to-day." The next words, "You to Sempronius," must be his also if, as most critics agree, he wrote the Sempronius scene. Let the nine words be extracted:

Timon. Within there! Flavius! Servilius!

Enter the SERVANTS

Ser. My lord?

Tim. I will dispatch you severally:
You to Lord Lucius; to Lord Lucullus you;
Commend me to their loves, and I am proud, say,
That my occasions have found time to use 'em
Toward a supply of money. Let the request
Be fifty talents.

Flav. As you have said, my lord.

Stew. Lord Lucius and Lucullus! Humh!

Nine words out, the passage settles into blank verse. Even the pieces of the broken lines fit. So, we may be sure, Shakespeare wrote it. Such a reconstruction is hardly possible by accident.

But mark how all the evidence confirms the reconstruction, and how the blunders now explain themselves. When the steward sneered at "Lord Lucius and Lucullus," in Shakespeare's play, he had no Sempronius to sneer at. Shakespeare had made Timon call Flavius and Servilius to go respectively to Lucullus and Lucius, reserving the steward to go to Ventidius. The second author left the servants to these missions. He only introduced one more request, to Sempronius, and one more servant to bear it. He did not take the trouble to have Timon call the third servant, but merely altered the stage direction to let *three* servants enter. Indeed he seems to have ignored the line where Timon calls the servants, for he left the name Flavius standing in that line though he changed it to Flaminius a moment later — for a reason of which we shall speak pres-

ently. He left the third servant nameless. Thus all the blunders of the passage are explained.

But the argument goes much further. The fact that Shakespeare planned the Lucius and Lucullus scenes removes the logical necessity which, against æsthetic evidence, assigned those scenes to the inferior author, and gives them to Shakespeare. But the fact that the interpolator added the request to Sempronius makes it sure that he wrote the Sempronius scene. In the second dunning scene, which, on very firm evidence, we have already assigned to the inferior author, Sempronius is mentioned again, and that fact seems to clinch the ascription. So does the strange Lucius of that scene. He is not the Lucius of two scenes back, and that Lucius we have just shown to be Shakespeare's. In the mock-banquet Lucius and Lucullus seem to appear again. They are nameless, but their excuses betray them. Nothing betrays Sempronius — he is not present, though the interpolator took pains to invite him.¹ As Shakespeare's two characters seem to be present, and the other author's man is absent, it is likely that Shakespeare wrote the prose, as we know he wrote the verse, of the mock-banquet.

We may now return to the first banquet (i. 2) and guess what Flavius has to do with Flaminius. Throughout the banquet, Timon's steward is called Flavius. Shakespeare never gave the steward a name; on the contrary, he made Timon, while talking with the steward, call *another* servant named Flavius. It will not be supposed that he forgot the names of his characters. Therefore it must have been the second author who wrote the banquet scene where the steward has this name. And it is even possible to guess how he made his error. Casting about for the name of the steward he was using in i. 2, he may have remembered, or looked ahead and seen, that the name Flavius was prominent as that of a servitor of Timon; and he may have mistaken this name for the steward's and so written it through i. 2. Coming to the later scenes, however, he would see his error. Perhaps for this reason he changed

Flavius in ii. 2 and iii. 1 to *Flaminius*. But the very first occurrence of it — where Timon calls the servants to go to his friends — he overlooked. And that occurrence tells the story.

If these arguments are valid, they prove that Shakespeare must have been the first author in the play, and they ratify most of the ascriptions of authorship that we have previously made on other grounds.

3. Perhaps a simpler argument will now be welcome. At twenty points in the play, as we have seen, *Timon* follows a source. A glance through the play as now divided will reveal the signal fact that every point in the twenty falls within a passage that Shakespeare wrote — that every episode or line which had a source comes from his pen. The fact will be clear from the table of the sources on page xi. This single truth would prove that Shakespeare's was the first hand in *Timon*. Shakespeare built the play upon the sources; the other author had no source, though frequently he seems to take a hint from Shakespeare. That he wrote last follows irresistibly.

4. Quite as simple is the final test. If Shakespeare had rewritten two-thirds of an older *Timon*, but left one-third of it standing, the passages that he rewrote would presumably be dovetailed with the passage which he let stand. Certainly some scene of his would depend, for motivation or for clarity, upon something said or done in one of the older scenes. At the least, some passage that he rewrote would contain a reference to something in a passage he preserved. The contrary is unthinkable — that he could or would have revised two-thirds of a play and in the operation have cut all connections with the other third.

Let us see what the connections of the spurious scenes are. First, the banquet (i. 2); not one event that takes place in it is ever mentioned by Shakespeare — leave it out, and no word of his will ever tell of its omission. So with the clownage added in the dunning scene (ii. 2); the Page and the Fool, and their mistresses and letters, are never heard of again. As to the Sempronius scene (iii. 3), we have already said that Sempronius is nowhere mentioned

by Shakespeare. Omit the second dunning scene (iii. 4), and nothing will tell that Timon has passed through the added trial. So we come to the banishment of Alcibiades (iii. 5) - one spurious scene that Shakespeare might be thought to show some knowledge of. We are not absolutely certain, to be sure, that Shakespeare presupposed the banishment of Alcibiades. In the last two acts we find the soldier saying that he "has cause" to make war on Athens,¹ and a senator informing him that those persons are no longer living who were the reason why he "first went out."² The expressions are vague. But if, as is probable, Shakespeare wrote the prose of the mock-banquet, he did make one reference to the banishment: "Alcibiades is banished," is a line in that scene; and if Shakespeare wrote it, he certainly assumed that the warrior had been exiled. But we may still doubt whether he assumed that a banishment scene had been actually shown, and we may be sure that he did not assume that the particular scene now in the play, where Alcibiades is banished in behalf of an unknown murderer, had been shown. We can much more easily believe that Shakespeare's reference suggested that scene rather than presupposed it. With the other spurious passages we have easy work. Cut the soliloquy of the steward after the parting of the servants (iv. 2), and no one will ever miss it. Take out the foolery of Apemantus in his visit to Timon's cave (iv. 3), and two lines come together which no one would imagine had ever been separated. Omit the suspected portions of the steward's visit, and the scene will stand. Finally, leave the little scene in which the soldier copies the inscription on Timon's tomb (v. 3) and no reader will feel cheated.

Here we have, then, ten spurious scenes and passages scattered throughout the play, and Shakespeare never uses them, never counts on them, never, except to suggest one, mentions them. Lift them bodily out of the play and not a word will tell that they were ever in it. The

¹ iv. 3. 102.

² v. 4. 27.

iii. 6. 61.

fact seems final. Those scenes and passages were extensions upon a play that Shakespeare had already written.

5. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

Though it is now apparent that Shakespeare was the first author in the play, it is also evident that he did not finish his work. He seems to have planned the first three acts and to have written about half of them, but to have hurried on into the last two acts, which interested him more, and which he practically finished. Then he gave up the work. Perhaps he left off because, though he had written some marvelous poetry in the play, the subject was too undramatic or the misanthropy inherent in it too intense, or for both these reasons and yet others. Certainly the parts he finished, taken together, come far short of a typical Shakespearian tragedy. The play is very brief, for one thing. Shakespeare's work in it equals about seven-tenths of *Macbeth*, the next shortest tragedy, while the interpolations make up just about the other three-tenths. In variety the play lacks as much as in length. There are no women in it except two courtesans who appear in one scene only, and this is a very peculiar fact. Again, in Shakespeare's portions there is practically no comic relief, a feature which his audience demanded and he usually supplied. And then there are breaches in the plot itself. In the first three acts, as Shakespeare left them, not enough was shown of Timon's generosity to flatterers, and of their baseness in deserting him and so fundamentally changing his nature. The interpolator was right in trying to fill these gaps with his banquet scene, his Sempronius scene, and his second dunning scene; only his intention was executed with great clumsiness. In the part of Alcibiades, again, there is a very serious gap. In Shakespeare's portion of the first three acts Alcibiades barely appears before the audience; yet toward the end of the play he comes forth, warring upon Athens, taking up Timon's cause, and squaring it in the capture of the city and the punishment of Timon's enemies. What was needed in this part, as Shakespeare had left it,

was some good cause for the warrior's campaign against Athens, and this the interpolator supplied; also, some strong bond between the warrior and Timon which should make the revenge of Timon's wrongs by Alcibiades natural and satisfactory, but this the interpolator did not supply. Instead of having Alcibiades banished in Timon's cause, for instance, or on some related grounds, he has him exiled for pleading in behalf of an obscure murderer. And so when Alcibiades takes up Timon's wrongs at the end of the play and redresses them, he does not seem a very natural avenger, and the redress is somewhat unsatisfactory. The interpolator, in trying to fill a breach, has perhaps only widened it.

Of a play so mutilated it is difficult to give a just critical interpretation. It may be best to say only that Shakespeare, having become interested for some reason in the character of the great man-hater, had plunged into a play about him, clothing many parts of it in poetry of almost the highest order, but leaving it unfinished perhaps because the subject itself was too tenuous to fill out a tragedy and too little varied to elicit wide interest. The second author tried to finish the play; but he was a man of small ability, and seems to have been working in haste to get the play ready for the stage. Who this man was we do not know. It has been guessed that he was George Wilkins or Cyril Tourneur, two dramatists of Shakespeare's time, but these guesses are all but groundless. In the absence of further evidence the interpolator will probably remain anonymous.

TIMON OF ATHENS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

TIMON, of Athens.

LUCIUS,	}	flattering lords.
LUCULLUS,		
SEMPRONIUS,		

VENTIDIUS, one of Timon's false friends.

ALCIBIADES, an Athenian captain.

APEMANTUS, a churlish philosopher.

FLAVIUS, steward to Timon.

Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.

An old Athenian.

FLAMINIUS,	}	servants to Timon.
LUCILIUS,		
SERVILIUS,		

CAPHIS,	}	servants to Timon's creditors.
PHILOTUS,		
TITUS,		
LUCIUS,		
HORTENSIUS,		
And others,		

A Page. A Fool. Three Strangers.

PHRYNIA,	}	mistresses to Alcibiades.
TIMANDRA,		

Cupid and Amazons in the mask.

Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Banditti, and
Attendants.

SCENE — Athens, and the neighbouring woods

TIMON OF ATHENS

ACT I

SCENE I — *Athens. A hall in Timon's house*

Enter POET, PAINTER, JEWELLER, MERCHANT, and others, at several doors.

Poet. Good day, sir.

Pain. I am glad you're well.

Poet. I have not seen you long: how goes the world?

Pain. It wears, sir, as it grows.

Poet. Ay, that's well known:

But what particular rarity? what strange,
Which manifold record not matches? See,
Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjured to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both; th' other's a jeweller.

Mer. O, 'tis a worthy lord.

Jew. Nay, that's most fix'd.

Mer. A most incomparable man, breathed, as it
were,

10

To an untirable and continue goodness:

He passes.

Jew. I have a jewel here —

Mer. O, pray, let's see 't: for the Lord Timon,
sir?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate: but, for
that —

Poet. [*Reciting to himself*] 'When we for recompense have praised the vile,
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good.'

Mer. 'Tis a good form.
[*Looking at the jewel.*]

Jew. And rich: here is a water, look ye.

Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication

To the great lord.

Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me. 20

Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes
From whence 'tis nourish'd: the fire i' the flint
Shows not till it be struck; our gentle flame
Provokes itself and like the current flies
Each bound it chafes. What have you there?

Pain. A picture, sir. When comes your book forth?

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.
Let's see your piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good piece.

Poet. So 'tis: this comes off well and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable: how this grace 30
Speaks his own standing! what a mental power
This eye shoots forth! how big imagination
Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch; is't good?

Poet. I will say of it,
It tutors nature: artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain SENATORS, and pass over

Pain. How this lord is follow'd !

Poet. The senators of Athens : happy man ! 40

Pain. Look, more !

Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.

I have, in this rough work, shaped out a man,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment : my free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax : no levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold ;
But flies an eagle flight, bold and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind. 50

Pain. How shall I understand you ?

Poet. I will unbolt to you.

You see how all conditions, how all minds,
As well of glib and slippery creatures as
Of grave and austere quality, tender down
Their services to Lord Timon : his large fortune
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts ; yea, from the glass-faced flatterer
To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself : even he drops down 60
The knee before him and returns in peace
Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be throned : the base o' the
mount

Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
 That labour on the bosom of this sphere
 To propagate their states : amongst them all,
 Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
 One do I personate of Lord Timon's frame,
 Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her ; 70
 Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
 Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceived to scope.
 This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
 With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
 Bowing his head against the steepy mount
 To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
 In our condition.

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on.
 All those which were his fellows but of late,
 Some better than his value, on the moment
 Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance, 80
 Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
 Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
 Drink the free air.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these ?

Poet. When Fortune in her shift and change of
 mood
 Spurns down her late beloved, all his dependants
 Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top
 Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
 Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common :
 A thousand moral paintings I can show 90
 That shall demonstrate these quick blows of For-
 tune's

More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well
To show Lord Timon that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter LORD TIMON, addressing himself courteously to every suitor; a MESSENGER from VENTIDIUS talking with him; LUCILIUS and other servants following

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you ?

Mess. Ay, my good lord : five talents is his debt,
His means most short, his creditors most strait :
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up ; which failing,
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius ! Well ;
I am not of that feather to shake off
My friend when he must need me. I do know him
A gentleman that well deserves a help :
Which he shall have : I'll pay the debt, and free him.

100

Mess. Your lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him : I will send his ransom ;
And being enfranchised, bid him come to me.
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after. Fare you well.

Mess. All happiness to your honour ! [*Exit.*

Enter an old ATHENIAN

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father. 110

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant named Lucilius.

Tim. I have so : what of him ?

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before
thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no ? Lucilius !

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, Lord Timon, this thy creature,

By night frequents my house I am a man
That from my first have been inclined to thrift ;
And my estate deserves an heir more raised
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well ; what further ? 120

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got :
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love : I prithee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort ;
Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon :
His honesty rewards him in itself , 130
It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him ?

Old Ath. She is young and apt :
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.

Tim. [To Lucilius] Love you the maid ?

Luc. Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,

I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endow'd,
If she be mated with an equal husband? 140

Old Ath. Three talents on the present; in future,
all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath served me
long:
To build his fortune I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee; mine honour on my
promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship: never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping, 150
Which is not owed to you!

[*Exeunt Lucilius and Old Athenian.*

Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your
lordship!

Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:
Go not away. What have you there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside: these pencill'd figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work; 160
And you shall find I like it: wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preserve ye!

Tim. Well fare you, gentleman: give me your hand;

We must needs dine together. Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my lord! dispraise?

Tim. A mere satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for 't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclaw me quite.

Jew. My lord, 'tis rated
As those which sell would give: but you well know,
Things of like value differing in the owners 170
Are prized by their masters: believe 't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord: he speaks the common
tongue,
Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here: will you be chid?

Enter APEMANTUS

Jew. We'll bear, with your lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

Apem. Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good
morrow;

When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest. 180

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou
know'st them not.

Apem. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus?

Apem. Thou know'st I do : I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apem. Of nothing so much as that I am not like Timon.

190

Tim. Whither art going ?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus ?

Apem. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it ?

200

Apem. He wrought better that made the painter ; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. You're a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation : what's she, if I be a dog ?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus ?

Apem. No ; I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou shouldst, thou'ldst anger ladies.

Apem. O, they eat lords ; so they come by great bellies.

210

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So thou apprehendest it : take it for thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus ?

Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth ?

Apem. Not worth my thinking. How now, poet !

220

Poet. How now, philosopher !

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art not one ?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet ?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou liest : look in thy last work,
where thou hast feigned him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feigned ; he is so.

230

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee
for thy labour : he that loves to be flattered is worthy
o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord !

Tim. What wouldst do then, Apemantus ?

Apem. Even as Apemantus does now ; hate a lord
with my heart.

Tim. What, thyself ?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore ?

240

Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord.
Art not thou a merchant ?

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

Apem. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not !

Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffic's thy god ; and thy god confound
thee !

Trumpet sounds. Enter a MESSENGER

Tim. What trumpet's that ?

Mess. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse, 250
All of companionship.

Tim. Pray, entertain them ; give them guide to
us.

[*Exeunt some Attendants.*

You must needs dine with me : go not you hence
Till I have thank'd you : when dinner's done,
Show me this piece. I am joyful of your sights.

Enter ALCIBIADES, *with the rest*

Most welcome, sir !

Apem. So, so, there !

Aches contract and starve your supple joints !
That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet
knaves,

And all this courtesy ! The strain of man's bred out
Into baboon and monkey.

260

Alcib. Sir, you have saved my longing, and I feed
Most hungerly on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome, sir !

Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[*Exeunt all except Apemantus.*

Enter two LORDS

First Lord. What time o' day is't, Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honest.

First Lord. That time serves still.

Apem. The more accursed thou, that still omitt'st
it.

Sec. Lord. Thou art going to Lord Timon's feast ? 270

Apem. Ay, to see meat fill knaves and wine heat
fools.

Sec. Lord. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

Sec. Lord. Why, Apemantus ?

Apem. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

First Lord. Hang thyself !

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding :
make thy requests to thy friend. 280

Sec. Lord. Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee hence !

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels o' the ass.
[Exit.

First Lord. He's opposite to humanity. Come,
shall we in,
And taste Lord Timon's bounty ? he outgoes
The very heart of kindness.

Sec. Lord. He pours it out ; Plutus, the god of
gold,
Is but his steward : no meed, but he repays
Sevenfold above itself ; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding 290
All use of quittance.

First Lord. The noblest mind he carries
That ever govern'd man.

Sec. Lord. Long may he live in fortunes ! Shall
we in ?

First Lord. I'll keep you company. [Exeunt.

SCENE II—*A banqueting-room in Timon's house*

*Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet served in; FLAVIUS
and others attending; then enter LORD TIMON, ALCIBIADES,
LORDS, SENATORS, and VENTIDIUS. Then comes, dropping
after all, APEMANTUS, discontentedly, like himself*

Ven. Most honour'd Timon,
It hath pleased the gods to remember my father's
age,
And call him to long peace.
He is gone happy, and has left me rich :

Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return those talents,
Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help
I derived liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,
Honest Ventidius; you mistake my love :
I gave it freely ever; and there's none 10
Can truly say he gives, if he receives :
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them; faults that are rich are fair.

Ven. A noble spirit !

Tim. Nay, my lords,
[*They all stand ceremoniously looking on Timon.*

Ceremony was but devised at first
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown ;
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray, sit : more welcome are ye to my fortunes
Than my fortunes to me. [*They sit.* 20

First Lord. My lord, we always have confess'd it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confess'd it ! hang'd it, have you not ?

Tim. O, Apemantus, you are welcome.

Apem. No ;

You shall not make me welcome :
I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fie, thou'rt a churl ; ye've got a humour
there

Does not become a man ; 'tis much to blame.
They say, my lords, 'ira furor brevis est ;' but yond
man is ever angry. Go, let him have a table by him-
self, for he does neither affect company, nor is he 30
fit for't, indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thine apperil, Timon: I come to observe; I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou'rt an Athenian, therefore welcome: I myself would have no power; prithee, let my meat make thee silent.

Apem. I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke me, for I should ne'er flatter thee. O you gods, what a number of men eat Timon, and he sees 'em not! It grieves me to see so many dip their meat in one man's blood; and all the madness is, he cheers them up too. 40

I wonder men dare trust themselves with men: Methinks they should invite them without knives; Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.

There's much example for't; the fellow that sits next him now, parts bread with him, pledges the breath of him in a divided draught, is the readiest man to kill him: 't has been proved. If I were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals; 50

Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes:

Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart; and let the health go round.

Sec. Lord. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way! A brave fellow! he keeps his tides well. Those healths will make thee and thy state look ill, Timon. Here's that which is too weak to be a sinner, honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire:

This and my food are equals; there's no odds: Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods. 60

Apemantus' grace

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man but myself:
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond;
Or a harlot, for her weeping;
Or a dog, that seems a-sleeping;
Or a keeper with my freedom;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen. So fall to 't:
Rich men sin, and I eat root.

70

[Eats and drinks.]

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

Alcib. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies than a dinner of friends.

Alcib. So they were bleeding-new, my lord, so there's no meat like 'em: I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Apem. Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then, that then thou mightst kill 'em and bid me to 'em!

First Lord. Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.

90

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: how had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did not

you chiefly belong to my heart ? I have told more of you to myself than you can with modesty speak in your behalf ; and thus far I confirm you. O you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should ne'er have need of 'em ? they were the most needless 100 creatures living, should we ne'er have use for 'em, and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits : and what better or properer can we call our own than the riches of our friends ? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes ! O joy, e'en made away ere't can be born ! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks : 110 to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weepest to make them drink, Timon.

Sec. Lord. Joy had the like conception in our eyes And at that instant like a babe sprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho ! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

Third Lord. I promise you, my lord, you moved me much.

Apem. Much ! [*Tucket, within.*]

Tim. What means that trump ?

Enter a SERVANT

How now ?

120

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies ! what are their wills ?

Serv. There comes with them a forerunner, my

lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter CUPID

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon, and to all
That of his bounties taste ! The five best senses
Acknowledge thee their patron ; and come freely 130
To gratulate thy plenteous bosom : th' ear,
Taste, touch and smell, pleased from thy table rise ;
They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They're welcome all ; let 'em have kind
admittance :

Music, make their welcome ! [*Exit Cupid.*

First Lord. You see, my lord, how ample you're
beloved.

Music. *Re-enter CUPID, with a mask of LADIES as Amazons, with
lutes in their hands, dancing and playing*

Apem. Hoy-day, what a sweep of vanity comes
this way !

They dance ! they are mad women.
Like madness is the glory of this life,
As this pomp shows to a little oil and root. 140
We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves ;
And spend our flatteries, to drink those men
Upon whose age we void it up again,
With poisonous spite and envy.
Who lives that's not depraved or depraves ?
Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their graves
Of their friends' gift ?
I should fear those that dance before me now
Would one day stamp upon me : 't has been done ;
Men shut their doors against a setting sun. 150

The LORDS rise from table, with much adoring of TIMON; and to show their loves, each singles out an AMAZON, and all dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace,
fair ladies,
Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not half so beautiful and kind;
You have added worth unto't and lustre,
And entertain'd me with mine own device;
I am to thank you for't.

First Lady. My lord, you take us even at the best.

Apem. Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would
not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends
you: 160
Please you to dispose yourselves.

All Ladies. Most thankfully, my lord.

[Exeunt Cupid and Ladies.]

Tim. Flavius.

Flav. My lord?

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord. More jewels yet! *[Aside.]*
There is no crossing him in's humour;
Else I should tell him, — well, i' faith, I should.
When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an he could.
'Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind,
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind. 170

[Exit.]

First Lord. Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

Sec. Lord. Our horses!

Re-enter FLAVIUS, with the casket.

Tim. O my friends,
I have one word to say to you: look you, my good
lord,

I must entreat you, honour me so much
As to advance this jewel; accept it and wear it,
Kind my lord.

First Lord. I am so far already in your gifts, —

All. So are we all.

Enter a SERVANT

Serr. My lord, there are certain nobles of the
senate
Newly alighted, and come to visit you. 180

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech your honour,
Vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.

Tim. Near! why then, another time I'll hear thee:

I prithee, let's be provided to show them entertain-
ment.

Flav. [*Aside*] I scarce know how.

Enter a second SERVANT

Sec. Serv. May it please your honour, Lord Lucius,
Out of his free love, hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly; let the presents 190
Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third SERVANT

How now ! what news ?

Third Serr. Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, Lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him, and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him ; and let them be received,
Not without fair reward.

Flav. [*Aside*] What will this come to ?
He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer :

Nor will he know his purse, or yield me this, 200

To show him what a beggar his heart is.

Being of no power to make his wishes good :

His promises fly so beyond his state

That what he speaks is all in debt ; he owes

For every word : he is so kind that he now

Pays interest for't ; his land's put to their books.

Well, would I were gently put out of office

Before I were forced out !

Happier is he that has no friend to feed

Than such that do e'en enemies exceed. 210

I bleed inwardly for my lord. [*Exit.*

Tim. You do yourselves
Much wrong, you hate too much of your own merits :
Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

Sec. Lord. With more than common thanks I will
receive it.

Third Lord. O, he's the very soul of bounty !

Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you gave

Good words the other day of a bay courser
I rode on : it is yours, because you liked it.

Sec. Lord. O, I beseech you, pardon me, my lord,
in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord ; I know,
no man

220

Can justly praise but what he does affect :
I weigh my friend's affection with mine own ;
I'll tell you true. I'll call to you.

All Lords. O, none so welcome.

Tim. I take all and your several visitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give ;
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary. Alcibiades,
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich ;
It comes in charity to thee : for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead, and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitch'd field.

230

Alcib. Ay, defiled land, my lord.

First Lord. We are so virtuously bound —

Tim. And so

Am I to you.

Sec. Lord. So infinitely endear'd —

Tim. All to you. Lights, more lights !

First Lord. The best of happiness,
Honour and fortunes, keep with you, Lord Timon !

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt all but Apemantus and Timon.*]

Apem. What a coil's here !

Serving of becks and jutting-out of bums !

I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums

That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs :

Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs. 210
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,
I would be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing : for if I should be bribed
too, there would be none left to rail upon thee, and
then thou wouldst sin the faster. Thou givest so
long, Timon, I fear me thou wilt give away thyself in
paper shortly : what need these feasts, pomps and
vain-glories ?

Tim. Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I 250
am sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell : and
come with better music. [Exit.

Apem. So :
Thou wilt not hear me now ; thou shalt not then :
I'll lock thy heaven from thee.
O, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery ! [Exit.

ACT II

SCENE I—*A Senator's house*

Enter SENATOR, with papers in his hand

Sen. And late, five thousand : to Varro and to
Isidore

He owes nine thousand, besides my former sum,
Which makes it five and twenty. Still in motion
Of raging waste ? It cannot hold ; it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold.
If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more

Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight,
And able horses. No porter at his gate, 10
But rather one that smiles and still invites
All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason
Can found his state in safety. Caphis, ho !
Caphis, I say !

Enter CAPHIS

Caph. Here, sir; what is your pleasure ?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to Lord
Timon;

Importune him for my moneys; he not ceased
With slight denial, nor then silenced when —
'Commend me to your master' — and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus: but tell him,
My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn 20
Out of mine own; his days and times are past
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Have smit my credit: I love and honour him,
But must not break my back to heal his finger;
Immediate are my needs, and my relief
Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,
But find supply immediate. Get you gone:
Put on a most importunate aspect,
A visage of demand; for, I do fear,
When every feather sticks in his own wing, 30
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
Which flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone.

Caph. I go, sir.

Sen. 'I go, sir!' — Take the bonds along with
you,

And have the dates in compt.

Caph.

I will, sir.

Sen.

Go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II—*The same. A hall in Timon's house*

Enter FLAVIUS, with many bills in his hand

Flavius. No care, no stop ! so senseless of expense,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot : takes no account
How things go from him, nor resumes no care
Of what is to continue : never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
What shall be done ? he will not hear, till feel :
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunt-
ing.
Fie, fie, fie, fie !

Enter CAPHIS, and the SERVANTS of ISIDORE and VARRO

Caph. Good even, Varro : what,
You come for money ?

Var. Serv. Is't not your business too ? 10

Caph. It is : and yours too, Isidore ?

Isid. Serv. It is so.

Caph. Would we were all discharged !

Var. Serv. I fear it.

Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, and LORDS, &c.

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,
My Alcibiades. With me ? what is your will ?

Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues ! Whence are you ?

Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.

Tim. Go to my steward.

Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new days this month : 20
My master is awaked by great occasion
To call upon his own, and humbly prays you
That with your other noble parts you'll suit
In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest friend,
I prithee, but repair to me next morning.

Caph. Nay, good my lord, —

Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.

Var. Serv. One Varro's servant, my good lord, —

Isid. Serv. From Isidore ;
He humbly prays your speedy payment.

Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's
wants —

Var. Serv. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six
weeks 30

And past.

Isid. Serv. Your steward puts me off, my lord ;
And I am sent expressly to your lordship.

Tim. Give me breath.
I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on ;
I'll wait upon you instantly.

[*Exeunt Alcibiades and Lords.*

[*To Flav.*] Come hither : pray you,
How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd
With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour ?

Flav. Please you, gentlemen, 40

The time is unagreeable to this business :
 Your importunacy cease till after dinner,
 That I may make his lordship understand
 Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends. See them well entertain'd. [Exit.]

Flav. Pray, draw near. [Exit.]

Enter APEMANTUS and FOOL

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apemantus : let's ha' some sport with 'em.

Var. Serv. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Isid. Serv. A plague upon him, dog ! 50

Var. Serv. How dost, fool ?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow ?

Var. Serv. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No, 'tis to thyself. *[To the Fool]* Come away.

Isid. Serv. There's the fool hangs on your back already.

Apem. No, thou stand'st single, thou'rt not on him yet.

Caph. Where's the fool now ?

Apem. He last asked the question. Poor rogues, 60
 and usurers' men ! bawds between gold and want !

All Serv. What are we, Apemantus ?

Apem. Asses.

All Serv. Why ?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves. Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen ?

All Serv. Gramercies, good fool : how does your mistress ? 70

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth!

Apem. Good! gramercy.

Enter PAGE

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress' page.

Page. [*To the Fool*] Why, how now, captain! what do you in this wise company? How dost thou, Apemantus?

Apem. Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably. 80

Page. Prithee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters: I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hanged. This is to Lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou't die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelped a dog, and thou shalt 90
famish a dog's death. Answer not; I am gone.

[Exit.

Apem. E'en so thou outrunnest grace. Fool, I will go with you to Lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon stay at home. You three serve three usurers?

All Serv. Ay; would they served us!

Apem. So would I, — as good a trick as ever hangman served thief. 100

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All Serv. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think no usurer but has a fool to his servant : my mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry ; but they enter my mistress' house merrily, and go away sadly : the reason of this ?

Var. Serv. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whoremaster and a knave : which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. Serv. What is a whoremaster, fool ?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit : sometime't appears like a lord : sometime like a lawyer ; sometime like a philosopher, with two stones more than's artificial one : he is very often like a knight ; and, generally, in all shapes that man goes up and down in from fourscore to thirteen, ¹²⁰ this spirit walks in.

Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man : as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All Serv. Aside, aside ; here comes Lord Timon.

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother ¹³⁰ and woman ; sometime the philosopher.

[*Exeunt Apemantus and Fool.*

Flav. Pray you, walk near : I'll speak with you
anon. [*Exeunt Servants.*]

Tim. You make me marvel : wherefore ere this
time

Had you not fully laid my state before me,
That I might so have rated my expense,
As I had leave of means ?

Flav. You would not hear me,
At many leasures I proposed.

Tim. Go to :
Perchance some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back ;
And that unaptness made your minister, 140
Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O my good lord,
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you : you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When, for some trifling present, you have bid me
Return so much, I have shook my head and wept ;
Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close : I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight checks, when I have
Prompted you in the ebb of your estate 150
And your great flow of debts. My loved lord,
Though you hear now, too late — yet now's a
time —

The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'Tis all engaged, some forfeited and gone ;
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth

Of present dues : the future comes apace :
What shall defend the interim ? and at length
How goes our reckoning ?

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

160

Flav. O my good lord, the world is but a word :
Were it all yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone !

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry or falsehood,
Call me before the exactest auditors
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders, when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilt of wine, when every room
Hath blazed with lights and bray'd with minstrelsy,
I have retired me to a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Prithee, no more.

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this
lord !

How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants
This night englutted ! Who is not Timon's ?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is Lord
Timon's ?

Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon !

Ah, when the means are gone that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made :

Feast-won, fast-lost ; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd.

180

Tim. Come, sermon me no further :
No villanous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart ;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.

Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience
lack,

To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
Men and men's fortunes could I frankly use
As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance bless your thoughts!

Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of mine are
crown'd,

190

That I account them blessings; for by these
Shall I try friends: you shall perceive how you
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.
Within there! Flaminius! Servilius!

.Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and other SERVANTS

Servants. My lord? my lord?

Tim. I will dispatch you severally; you to Lord
Lucius; to Lord Lucullus you: I hunted with his
honour to-day: you, to Sempronius: commend me
to their loves, and, I am proud, say, that my occa-
sions have found time to use 'em toward a supply of 200
money: let the request be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

Flav. [*Aside*] Lord Lucius and Lucullus? hum!

Tim. Go you, sir, to the senators —

Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
Deserved this hearing — bid 'em send o' the instant
A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold —

For that I knew it the most general way —
To them to use your signet and your name;

210

But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true? can't be?

Flar. They answer, in a joint and corporate
voice,

That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry — you are honour-
able, —

But yet they could have wish'd — they know not —
Something hath been amiss — a noble nature
May catch a wrench — would all were well — 'tis
pity; —

And so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks and these hard fractions, 220
With certain half-caps and cold-moving nods
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods, reward them!

Prithee, man, look cheerly. These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is caked, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.

[*To a Scr.*] Go to Ventidius. [*To Flar.*] Prithee,
be not sad,

Thou art true and honest; ingeniously I speak, 230
No blame belongs to thee. [*To Scr.*] Ventidius
lately

Buried his father; by whose death he's stepp'd
Into a great estate: when he was poor,
Imprison'd and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents: greet him from me;

Bid him suppose some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents [*Exit Scr.*]. [*To Flav.*] That
 had, give't these fellows
To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink. 240
Flav. I would I could not think it : that thought
 is bounty's foe ;
Being free itself, it thinks all others so. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III

SCENE I—*A room in Lucullus' house*FLAMINIUS *waiting. Enter a SERVANT to him*

Serv. I have told my lord of you ; he is coming
 down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter LUCULLUS

Serv. Here's my lord.

Lucul. [*Aside*] One of Lord Timon's men ? a
gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right ; I dreamt of a
silver basin and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honest
Flaminius ; you are very respectfully welcome, sir.
Fill me some wine. [*Exit Servant.*] And how does
that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of
Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master ? 10

Flam. His health is well, sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, sir :
and what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty
Flaminius ?

Flam. 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir ;

which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

20

Lucul. La, la, la, la! 'nothing doubting,' says he? Alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha' dined with him, and told him on't, and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less, and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his: I ha' told him on't, but I could 30 ne'er get him from't.

Re-enter SERVANT, with wine

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit — give thee thy due — and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee. [*To Serv.*] Get you gone, sirrah [*Exit Serv.*]. 40 Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise; and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares for thee: good boy, wink at me, and say thou sawest me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible the world should so much differ,

And we alive that lived? Fly, damned baseness, 50
To him that worships thee!

[*Throwing the money back.*

Lucul. Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for
thy master. [Exit.

Flam. May these add to the number that may
scald thee!

Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods,
I feel my master's passion! this slave,
Unto his honour, has my lord's meat in him: 60
Why should it thrive and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison?
O, may diseases only work upon't!
And, when he's sick to death, let not that part of nature

Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour! [Exit.

SCENE II—A public place

Enter LUCIUS, with three STRANGERS

Luc. Who, the Lord Timon? he is my very good
friend, and an honourable gentleman.

First Stran. We know him for no less, though we
are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one
thing, my lord, and which I hear from common ru-
mours: now Lord Timon's happy hours are done and
past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fie, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

10

Sec. Stran. But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus to borrow so many talents, nay, urged extremely for't and showed what necessity belonged to 't, and yet was denied.

Luc. How!

Sec. Stran. I tell you, denied, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that! now, before the gods, I am ashamed on't. Denied that honourable man! there was very little honour showed in't. 20 For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels and such-like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

Enter SERVILIUS

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour. My honoured lord, —

[*To Lucius.*

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well: commend me to thy honourable virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

30

Ser. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent —

Luc. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he's ever sending: how shall I thank him, thinkest thou? And what has he sent now?

Ser. Has only sent his present occasion now, my

lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant 40
use with so many talents.

Luc. I know his lordship is but merry with me;
He cannot want fifty five hundred talents.

Sir. But in the mean time he wants less, my
lord.

If his occasion were not virtuous,
I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I to disfurnish my-
self against such a good time, when I might ha' shown 50
myself honourable! how unluckily it happened, that
I should purchase the day before for a little part, and
undo a great deal of honour! Servilius, now, before
the gods, I am not able to do, — the more beast, I
say: — I was sending to use Lord Timon myself,
these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for
the wealth of Athens, I had done't now. Commend
me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope his
honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have
no power to be kind: and tell him this from me, I 60
count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I can-
not pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good
Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine
own words to him?

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.

[*Exit Servilius.*

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk indeed;
And he that's once denied will hardly speed. [*Exit.*

First Stran. Do you observe this, Hostilius?

Sec. Stran.

Ay, too well. 70

First Stran. Why, this is the world's soul; and
just of the same piece

Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him
His friend that dips in the same dish? for, in
My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,
And kept his credit with his purse,
Supported his estate: nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages: he ne'er drinks,
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;
And yet — O, see the monstrousness of man
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape! —
He does deny him, in respect of his,
What charitable men afford to beggars.

80

Third Stran. Religion groans at it.

First Stran. For mine own part,
I never tasted Timon in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue
And honourable carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the best half should have return'd to him,
So much I love his heart: but, I perceive,
Men must learn now with pity to dispense;
For policy sits above conscience.

90

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III — *A room in Sempronius' house*

Enter SEMPRONIUS, and a SERVANT of TIMON'S

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in't. — hum! —
'bove all others?

He might have tried Lord Lucius or Lucullus ;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison : all these
Owe their estates unto him.

Serv. My lord,
They have all been touch'd and found base metal, for
They have all denied him.

Sem. How ! have they denied him ?
Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him ?
And does he send to me ? Three ? hum !
It shows but little love or judgement in him : 10
Must I be his last refuge ? His friends, like physi-
cians,

Thrive, give him over : must I take the cure upon
me ?

Has much disgraced me in't ; I'm angry at him,
That might have known my place : I see no sense
for't,

But his occasions might have woo'd me first ;
For, in my conscience, I was the first man
That e'er received gift from him :

And does he think so backwardly of me now,
That I'll requite it last ? No :

So it may prove an argument of laughter 20
To the rest, and 'mongst lords I be thought a fool.
I'd rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
Had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake ;
I'd such a courage to do him good. But now return,
And with their faint reply this answer join ;
Who bates mine honour shall not know my coin.

[*Exit.*

Serv. Excellent ! Your lordship's a goodly villain.

The devil knew not what he did when he made man politic; he crossed himself by't: and I cannot think but, in the end, the villanies of man will set him clear. 30

How fairly this lord strives to appear foul! takes virtuous copies to be wicked, like those that under hot ardent zeal would set whole realms on fire:

Of such a nature is his politic love.

This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,

Save only the gods: now his friends are dead,

Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards

Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd

Now to guard sure their master. 40

And this is all a liberal course allows;

Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV — *The same. A hall in Timon's house*

Enter two SERVANTS of VARRO, and the SERVANT of LUCIUS, meeting TITUS, HORTENSIVS, and other SERVANTS of TIMON'S creditors, waiting his coming out.

First Var. Serv. Well met; good morrow, Titus and Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor. Lucius!

What, do we meet together?

Luc. Serv. Ay, and I think

One business does command us all; for mine Is money.

Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter PHILOTUS

Luc. Serv. And Sir Philotus too!

Phi. Good day at once.

Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother.

What do you think the hour?

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. Serv. So much?

Phi. Is not my lord seen yet?

Luc. Serv. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder on't; he was wont to shine at seven.

10

Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are wax'd shorter with him:

You must consider that a prodigal course
Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable.
I fear 'tis deepest winter in Lord Timon's purse;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll show you how to observe a strange event.
Your lord sends now for money.

Hor. Most true, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money.

20

Hor. It is against my heart.

Luc. Serv. Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes:
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.

Hor. I'm weary of this charge, the gods can witness:

I know my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

First Var. Serv. Yes, mine's three thousand
crowns: what's yours?

Luc. Serv. Five thousand mine.

First Var. Serv. 'Tis much deep: and it should
seem by the sum,

30

Your master's confidence was above mine;
Else, surely, his had equall'd.

Enter FLAMINIUS

Tit. One of Lord Timon's men.

Luc. Serv. Flaminius! Sir, a word: pray, is my
lord ready to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordship; pray, signify so
much.

Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows you are
too diligent.

[*Exit.* 40

Enter FLAVIUS in a cloak, muffled

Luc. Serv. Ha! is not that his steward muffled so?
He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, sir?

Sec. Var. Serv. By your leave, sir, —

Flav. What do ye ask of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.

Flav.

Ay,

If money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere sure enough.

Why then preferr'd you not your sums and bills.

When your false masters eat of my lord's meat?

50

Then they could smile and fawn upon his debts

And take down the interest into their gluttonous
maws.

You do yourselves but wrong to stir me up ;
Let me pass quietly :

Believe't, my lord and I have made an end ;

I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Serr. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Flav. If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you ;
For you serve knaves. [Exit. 60

First Var. Serr. How ! what does his cashiered
worship mutter ?

Sec. Var. Serr. No matter what ; he's poor, and
that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than
he that has no house to put his head in ? such may
rail against great buildings.

Enter SERVILIUS

Tit. O, here's Servilius ; now we shall know some
answer.

Ser. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair
some other hour, I should derive much from't ; for,
take't of my soul, my lord leans wondrously to dis-
content : his comfortable temper has forsook him ; 70
he's much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Serr. Many do keep their chambers are not
sick :

And, if it be so far beyond his health,
Methinks he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

Ser. Good gods !

Tit. We cannot take this for answer, sir.

Flam. [Within] Servilius, help ! My lord ! my
lord !

Enter TIMON, in a rage; FLAMINIUS following

Tim. What, are my doors opposed against my passage?

80

Have I been ever free, and must my house

Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?

The place which I have feasted, does it now,

Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Serv. Here's mine.

Hor. And mine, my lord.

Both Var. Serv. And ours, my lord.

Phi. All our bills.

90

Tim. Knock me down with 'em: cleave me to the girdle.

Luc. Serv. Alas, my lord, —

Tim. Cut my heart in sums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that. What yours? — and yours?

First Var. Serv. My lord, —

Sec. Var. Serv. My lord, —

Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you!

[*Exit.* 100

Hor. 'Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money: these debts may well be called desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em.

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves.

Creditors? devils!

Flav. My dear lord, —

Tim. What if it should be so?

Flav. My lord, —

Tim. I'll have it so. My steward!

Flav. Here, my lord.

110

Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius:
All, sirrah, all:
I'll once more feast the rascals.

Flav. O my lord,
You only speak from your distracted soul;
There is not so much left, to furnish out
A moderate table.

Tim. Be't not in thy care; go,
I charge thee, invite them all: let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V — *The same. The senate-house*

The Senate sitting

First Sen. My lord, you have my voice to it; the
fault's
Bloody; 'tis necessary he should die:
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

Sec. Sen. Most true; the law shall bruise him.

Enter ALCIBIADES, with ATTENDANTS

Alcib. Honour, health, and compassion to the
senate!

First Sen. Now, captain ?

Alcib. I am an humble suitor to your virtues ;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.

It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy 10

Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth
To those that, without heed, do plunge into't.

He is a man, setting his fate aside,

Of comely virtues :

Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice —

An honour in him which buys out his fault —

But with a noble fury and fair spirit,

Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,

He did oppose his foe : 20

And with such sober and unnoted passion

He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent,

As if he had but proved an argument.

First Sen. You undergo too strict a paradox,

Striving to make an ugly deed look fair :

Your words have took such pains as if they labour'd

To bring manslaughter into form and set quarrelling

Upon the head of valour ; which indeed

Is valour misbegot and came into the world

When sects and factions were newly born : 30

He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer

The worst that man can breathe, and make his
 wrongs

His outsides, to wear them like his raiment, care-
 lessly,

And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,

To bring it into danger.

If wrongs be evils and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill !

Alcib. My lord, —

First Sen. You cannot make gross sins
look clear :

To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Alcib. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me, 40
If I speak like a captain.

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,

And not endure all threats ? sleep upon't,

And let the foes quietly cut their throats,

Without repugnancy ? If there be

Such valour in the bearing, what make we

Abroad ? why then, women are more valiant

That stay at home, if bearing carry it,

And the ass more captain than the lion, the felon

Loaden with irons wiser than the judge,

50

If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,

As you are great, be pitifully good :

Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood ?

To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust ;

But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.

To be in anger is impiety ;

But who is man that is not angry ?

Weigh but the crime with this.

Sec. Sen. You breathe in vain.

Alcib. In vain ! his service done

At Lacedæmon and Byzantium

60

Were a sufficient briber for his life.

First Sen. What's that ?

Alcib. I say, my lords, he has done fair service,
And slain in fight many of your enemies :

How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds !

Sec. Sen. He has made too much plenty with 'em ;
He's a sworn rioter : he has a sin that often
Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner :
If there were no foes, that were enough
To overcome him : in that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cherish factions : 'tis inferr'd to us,
His days are foul and his drink dangerous.

First Sen. He dies.

Alcib. Hard fate ! he might have
died in war.

My lords, if not for any parts in him —
Though his right arm might purchase his own time
And be in debt to none — yet, more to move you,
Take my deserts to his, and join 'em both :
And, for I know your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn my victories, all
My honours to you, upon his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receive't in valiant gore ;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

First Sen. We are for law : he dies ; urge it no
more,

On height of our displeasure : friend or brother,
He forfeits his own blood that spills another.

Alcib. Must it be so ? it must not be. My lords,
I do beseech you, know me.

Sec. Sen. How !

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.

Third Sen.

What !

70

80

90

Alcib. I cannot think but your age has forgot me ;
It could not else be, I should prove so base,
To sue, and be denied such common grace :
My wounds ache at you.

First Sen. Do you dare our anger ?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect ;
We banish thee for ever.

Alcib. Banish me !
Banish your dotage ; banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly. 100

First Sen. If, after two days' shine, Athens contain thee,
Attend our weightier judgement. And, not to swell
our spirit,

He shall be executed presently. [*Exeunt Senators.*]

Alcib. Now the gods keep you old enough ; that
you may live

Only in bone, that none may look on you !

I'm worse than mad : I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money and let out
Their coin upon large interest, I myself
Rich only in large hurts. All those for this ?

Is this the balsam that the usuring senate 110
Pours into captains' wounds ? Banishment !

It comes not ill ; I hate not to be banish'd ;

It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,

That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up

My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.

'Tis honour with most lands to be at odds ;

Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI—*The same. A banquetting-room in Timon's house*

Music. Tables set out: SERVANTS attending. Enter divers LORDS, SENATORS and others, at several doors.

First Lord. The good time of day to you, sir.

Sec. Lord. I also wish it to you. I think this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

First Lord. Upon that were my thoughts tiring, when we encountered: I hope it is not so low with him as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

Sec. Lord. It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.

First Lord. I should think so: he hath sent me an 10
earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

Sec. Lord. In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

First Lord. I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go. 20

Sec. Lord. Every man here's so. What would he have borrowed of you?

First Lord. A thousand pieces.

Sec. Lord. A thousand pieces!

First Lord. What of you?

Sec. Lord. He sent to me, sir, — Here he comes.

Enter TIMON and ATTENDANTS

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both; and how fare you?

First Lord. Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

30

Sec. Lord. The swallow follows not summer more willing than we your lordship.

Tim. [*Aside*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men. Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the music awhile, if they will fare so harshly o' the trumpet's sound: we shall to't presently.

First Lord. I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship that I returned you an empty messenger.

Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

Sec. Lord. My noble lord, —

Tim. Ah, my good friend, what cheer?

Sec. Lord. My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, sir.

50

Sec. Lord. If you had sent but two hours before, —

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance. [*The banquet brought in.*] Come, bring in all together.

Sec. Lord. All covered dishes!

First Lord. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

Third Lord. Doubt not that, if money and the season can yield it.

First Lord. How do you? What's the news?

60

Third Lord. Alcibiades is banished: hear you of it?

First and Sec. Lord. Alcibiades banished!

Third Lord. 'Tis so, be sure of it.

First Lord. How ! how !

Sec. Lord. I pray you, upon what ?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near ?

Third Lord. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.

Sec. Lord. This is the old man still.

Third Lord. Will't hold ? will't hold ?

70

Sec. Lord. It does : but time will — and so —

Third Lord. I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress : your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place : sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves praised : but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another ; for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains : if there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be — as they are. The rest of your fees, O gods — the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people — what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends, as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.

90

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[*The dishes are uncovered and seen to be full of warm water.*]

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke and lukewarm
water

Is your perfection. This is Timon's last; 100
Who, stuck and spangled with your flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces
Your reeking villany.

[Throwing the water in their faces.]

Live loathed and long,

Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,
Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!
Of man and beast the infinite malady
Crust you quite o'er! What, dost thou go?
Soft! take thy physic first — thou too — and
thou; — 110

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.

[Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.]

What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,

Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.

Burn, house! sink, Athens! henceforth hated be
Of Timon man and all humanity! *[Exit.]*

Re-enter the LORDS, SENATORS, &c.

First Lord. How now, my lords!

Sec. Lord. Know you the quality of Lord Timon's
fury?

Third Lord. Push! did you see my cap?

Fourth Lord. I have lost my gown. 120

First Lord. He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel th' other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat : did you see my jewel ?

Third Lord. Did you see my cap ?

Sec. Lord. Here 'tis.

Fourth Lord. Here lies my gown.

First Lord. Let's make no stay.

Sec. Lord. Lord Timon's mad.

Third Lord. I feel't upon my bones. 130

Fourth Lord. One day he gives us diamonds,
next day stones. [Exeunt.

ACT IV

SCENE I — *Without the walls of Athens*

Enter TIMON

Tim. Let me look back upon thee. O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves, dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens ! Matrons, turn incontinent !
Obedience fail in children ! slaves and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads ! to general filths
Convert o' the instant, green virginity,
Do't in your parents' eyes ! bankrupts, hold fast ;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats ! bound servants,
steal !

10

Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill by law. Maid, to thy master's bed ;
Thy mistress is o' the brothel ! Son of sixteen,
Pluck the lined crutch from thy old limping sire,

With it beat out his brains ! Piety, and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries, 20
And let confusion live ! Plagues, incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke ! Thou cold sciatica,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners ! Lust and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot ! Itches, blains,
Sow all the Athenian bosoms ; and their crop
Be general leprosy ! Breath infect breath, 30
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison ! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
But nakedness, thou detestable town !
Take thou that too, with multiplying bans !
Timon will to the woods ; where he shall find
The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
The gods confound — hear me, you good gods all —
The Athenians both within and out that wall !
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
To the whole race of mankind, high and low ! 40
Amen. [Exit.

SCENE II—*Athens. A room in Timon's house*

Enter FLAVIUS, with two or three SERVANTS

First Serv. Hear you, master steward, where's
our master?

Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?

Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.

First Serv. Such a house broke!
So noble a master fall'n! All gone! and not
One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him!

Sec. Serv. As we do turn our backs
From our companion thrown into his grave,
So his familiars to his buried fortunes
Slink all away, leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd; and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone. More of our fellows.

10

Enter other SERVANTS

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

Third Serv. Yet do our hearts wear Timon's
livery;

That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow: leak'd is our bark,
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part
Into this sea of air.

20

Flav. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say,
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,

'We have seen better days.' Let each take some ;
Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more :
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[*Servants embrace, and part several ways.*

O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us! 30
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt ?
Who would be so mock'd with glory ? or to live
But in a dream of friendship ?
To have his pomp and all what state compounds
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends ?
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart,
Undone by goodness ! Strange, unusual blood,
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good !
Who, then, dares to be half so kind again ? 40
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men,
My dearest lord, bless'd, to be most accursed,
Rich, only to be wretched, thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord !
He's flung in rage from this ingrateful seat
Of monstrous friends, nor has he with him to
Supply his life, or that which can command it.
I'll follow and inquire him out :
I'll ever serve his mind with my best will ;
Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still. [*Exit.* 50

SCENE III—*Woods and cave, near the sea-shore*

Enter TIMON, from the cave

Tim. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the
earth
Rotten humidity ; below thy sister's orb

Infect the air ! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,
 Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
 Scarce is dividant, touch them with several fortunes ;
 The greater scorns the lesser : not nature,
 To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,
 But by contempt of nature.

Raise me this beggar, and deny't that lord ;
 The senator shall bear contempt hereditary, 19
 The beggar native honour.

It is the pasture lards the rother's sides,
 The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who
 dares,

In purity of manhood stand upright,
 And say 'This man's a flatterer' ? if one be,
 So are they all ; for every grise of fortune
 Is smooth'd by that below : the learned pate
 Ducks to the golden fool : all is oblique ;
 There's nothing level in our cursed natures,
 But direct villany. Therefore, be abhorr'd 20
 All feasts, societies, and throngs of men !
 His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains :
 Destruction fang mankind ! Earth, yield me roots !

[*Digging.*

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
 With thy most operant poison ! What is here ?
 Gold ? yellow, glittering, precious gold ? No, gods,
 I am no idle votarist : roots, you clear heavens !
 Thus much of this will make black white, foul fair,
 Wrong right, base noble, old young, coward valiant.
 Ha, you gods ! why this ? what this, you gods ?

Why, this

Will lug your priests and servants from your sides,

Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads :
This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions, bless the accursed,
Make the hoar leprosy adored, place thieves
And give them title, knee and approbation
With senators on the bench : this is it
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again ;
She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices 40
To the April day again. Come, damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature. [*March afar off.*] Ha ! a
drum ? Thou'rt quick,
But yet I'll bury thee : thou'lt go, strong thief,
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand.
Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [*Keeping some gold.*

Enter ALCIBIADES, with drum and fife, in warlike manner ;

PHRYNIA and TIMANDRA

Alcib. What art thou there ? speak.

Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy
heart,

For showing me again the eyes of man ! 50

Alcib. What is thy name ? Is man so hateful to
thee,

That art thyself a man ?

Tim. I am Misanthropos, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.

Alcib. I know thee well ;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

Tim. I know thee too; and more than that I
know thee,

I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;

With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules:

Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;

60

Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine

Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,

For all her cherubin look.

Phr. Thy lips rot off!

Tim. I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.

Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this change?

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:

But then renew I could not, like the moon;

There were no suns to borrow of.

Alcib. Noble Timon,

What friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to

70

Maintain my opinion.

Alcib. What is it, Timon?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none:
if thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for
thou art a man! if thou dost perform, confound thee,
for thou art a man!

Alcib. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.

Alcib. I see them now; then was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

Timan. Is this the Athenian minion, whom the
world

80

Voiced so regardfully?

Tim. Art thou Timandra?

Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still : they love thee not that use thee ;

Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.
Make use of thy salt hours : season the slaves
For tubs and baths ; bring down rose-checked youth
To the tub-fast and the diet.

Timan. Hang thee, monster !

Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra ; for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.

I have but little gold of late, brave Timon, 90
The want whereof doth daily make revolt

In my penurious band : I have heard, and grieved,
How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them, —

Tim. I prithee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alcib. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

Tim. How dost thou pity him whom thou dost
trouble ?

I had rather be alone.

Alcib. Why, fare thee well :

Here is some gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it. 100

Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on a
heap, —

Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens ?

Alcib. Ay, Timon, and have cause.

Tim. The gods confound them all in thy con-
quest ;

And thee after, when thou hast conquer'd !

Alcib. Why me, Timon ?

Tim. That, by killing of villains,
Thou wast born to conquer my country.
Put up thy gold : go on, — here's gold, — go on ;
Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-vice'd city hang his poison
In the sick air : let not thy sword skip one : 110
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard ;
He is an usurer : strike me the counterfeit matron ;
It is her habit only that is honest,
Herself's a bawd : let not the virgin's cheek
Make soft thy trenchant sword ; for those milk-paps,
That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,
Are not within the leaf of pity writ,
But set them down horrible traitors : spare not the
babe,
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy ;
Think it a bastard, whom the oracle 120
Hath doubtfully pronounced thy throat shall cut.
And mince it sans remorse : swear against objects ;
Put armour on thine ears and on thine eyes ;
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers :
Make large confusion ; and, thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself ! Speak not, be gone.

Alcib. Hast thou gold yet ? I'll take the gold
thou givest me,
Not all thy counsel. 130

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse
upon thee !

Phr. and Timan. Give us some gold, good Timon :
hast thou more ?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,
Your aprons mountant : you are not oathable, —
Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear
Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues
The immortal gods that hear you, — spare your oaths,
I'll trust to your conditions : be whores still ;
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you, 140
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up ;
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
And be no turncoats : yet may your pains, six
months,
Be quite contrary : and thatch your poor thin roofs
With burthens of the dead ; — some that were
hang'd,
No matter : — wear them, betray with them : whore
still ;
Paint till a horse may mire upon your face :
A pox of wrinkles !

Phr. and Timan. Well, more gold : what then ?
Believe't, that we'll do any thing for gold. 150

Tim. Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of man ; strike their sharp shins,
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quillets shrilly : hoar the flamen,
That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself : down with the nose,
Down with it flat ; take the bridge quite away
Of him that, his particular to foresee,
Smells from the general weal : make curl'd-pate ruf-
fians bald ;

And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
 Derive some pain from you : plague all ;
 That your activity may defeat and quell
 The source of all erection. There's more gold :
 Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
 And ditches grave you all !

Phr. and Timon. More counsel with more money,
 bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first ; I have
 given you earnest.

Alcib. Strike up the drum towards Athens !
 Farewell, Timon :

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

170

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alcib. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spokest well of me.

Alcib. Call'st thou that harm ?

Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee away, and take
 Thy beagles with thee.

Alcib. We but offend him. Strike !

[*Drum beats. Exeunt Alcibiades,
 Phrynia, and Timandra.*]

Tim. That nature, being sick of man's unkind-
 ness,

Should yet be hungry ! Common mother, thou,

[*Digging.*

Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,
 Teems, and feeds all ; whose self-same mettle,
 Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd. 180
 Engenders the black toad and adder blue,
 The gilded newt and eyeless venom'd worm,
 With all the abhorred birthis below crisp heaven

Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine ;
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root !
Enscar thy fertile and conceptionous womb,
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man !
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears ;
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face 190
Hath to the marbled mansion all above
Never presented ' — O, a root, — dear thanks ! —
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas ;
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips !

Enter APEMANTUS

More man ? plague, plague !

Apem. I was directed hither : men report
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'Tis, then, because thou dost not keep a
dog, 200

Whom I would imitate : consumption catch thee !

Apem. This is in thee a nature but infected ;
A poor unmanly melancholy sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade ? this
place ?

This slave-like habit ? and these looks of care ?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft ;
Hug their diseased perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper.

Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive 210
By that which has undone thee : hinge thy knee,

And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent: thou wast told thus;
Thou gavest thine ears like tapsters that bid wel-
come

To knaves and all approachers: 'tis most just
That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should have't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like
thyself;

220

A madman so long, now a fool. What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? will these moss'd
trees,

That have outlived the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip where thou point'st out? will the cold
brook,

Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures
Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven, whose bare unhoused trunks,
To the conflicting elements exposed,

230

Answer mere nature; bid them flatter thee;

O, thou shalt find —

Tim. A fool of thee: depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not; but say thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office or a fool's.

Dost please thyself in't ?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What ! a knave too ?

Apem. If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well : but thou 240
Dost it enforcedly ; thou'ldst courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before :
The one is filling still, never complete ;
The other, at high wish : best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content.

Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath that is more miserable.
Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm 250
With favour never clasp'd ; but bred a dog.
Hadst thou, like us from our first swath, proceeded
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drugs of it
Freely command, thou wouldst have plunged thyself
In general riot ; melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust ; and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
Who had the world as my confectionary, 260
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes and hearts of men
At duty, more than I could frame employment,
That numberless upon me stuck as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs and left me open, bare

For every storm that blows : I, to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burden :
Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why shouldst thou hate
men ?

They never flatter'd thee : what hast thou given ? 270
If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag,
Must be thy subject, who in spite put stuff
To some she beggar and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence, be gone !
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet ?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was
No prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now :
Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone. 280
That the whole life of Athens were in this !
Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a root.*

Apem. Here ; I will mend thy feast.

[*Offering him a root.*

Tim. First mend my company, take away thyself.

Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack
of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd ;
If not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldst thou have to Athens !

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
Tell them there I have gold ; look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best and truest ; 290
For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where liest o' nights, Timon ?

Tim. Under that's above me.
Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus ?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat ; or, rather,
where I eat it.

Tim. Would poison were obedient and knew my
mind !

Apem. Where wouldst thou send it ?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knew- 300
est, but the extremity of both ends : when thou wast
in thy gilt and thy perfume, they mocked thee for too
much curiosity ; in thy rags thou knowest none, but
art despised for the contrary. There's a medlar for
thee, eat it.

Tim. On what I hate I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar ?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An thou hadst hated meddlers sooner,
thou shouldst have loved thyself better now. What 310
man didst thou ever know unthrift that was beloved
after his means ?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talkest of,
didst thou ever know beloved ?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee ; thou hadst some means
to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou near-
est compare to thy flatterers ?

Tim. Women nearest ; but men, men are the 320

things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee t'attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when peradventure thou wert accused by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee, and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be killed by the horse: wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seized by the leopard: wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy safety were remotion and thy defence absence. What beast couldst thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation!

Apem. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou mightst have hit upon it here: the commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet and a painter: the

plague of company light upon thee ! I will fear to catch it and give way : when I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon !

Apem. A plague on thee ! thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All villains that do stand by thee are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee.

I'll beat thee, but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off ! 370

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog !

Choler does kill me that thou art alive ;
I swoond to see thee.

Apem. Would thou wouldst burst !

Tim. Away,

Thou tedious rogue ! I am sorry I shall lose

A stone by thee. [Throws a stone at him.

Apem. Beast !

Tim. Slave !

Apem. Toad !

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue !

I am sick of this false world, and will love nought
But even the mere necessities upon't.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave ;

Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat

Thy grave-stone daily : make thine epitaph,

That death in me at others' lives may laugh.

[*To the gold*] O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

'Twixt natural son and sire ! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed ! thou valiant Mars !

Thou ever young, fresh, loved and delicate wooer,

Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow

That lies on Dian's lap ! thou visible god,

That solder'st close impossibilities,

And makest them kiss ! that speak'st with every
tongue,

To every purpose ! O thou touch of hearts !

396

Think, thy slave man rebels, and by thy virtue

Set them into confounding odds, that beasts

May have the world in empire !

Apem.

Would 'twere so !

But not till I am dead. I'll say thou'st gold:

Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim.

Throng'd to !

Apem.

Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I prithee.

Apem.

Live, and love thy misery.

Tim. Long live so, and so die. [*Exit Apemantus.*]

I am quit.

Moe things like men ! Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

Enter BANDITTI

First Ban. Where should he have this gold ? It is 400
some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remain-
der : the mere want of gold, and the falling-from of
his friends, drove him into this melaucholy.

Sec. Ban. It is noised he hath a mass of treasure.

Third Ban. Let us make the assay upon him : if he care not for't, he will supply us easily ; if he covetously reserve it, how shall's get it ?

Sec. Ban. True ; for he bears it not about him, 'tis hid.

First Ban. Is not this he ?

410

Banditti. Where ?

Sec. Ban. 'Tis his description.

Third Ban. He ; I know him.

Banditti. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves ?

Banditti. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too ; and women's sons.

Banditti. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of men.

Why should you want ? Behold, the earth hath roots ;

420

Within this mile break forth a hundred springs ;

The oaks bear mast, the briers scarlet lips ;

The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush

Lays her full mess before you. Want ! why want ?

First Ban. We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,

As beasts and birds and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes ;

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con

That you are thieves profess'd, that you work not

In holier shapes : for there is boundless theft

430

In limited professions. Rascal thieves,

Here's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o' the grape,
Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,
And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician;
His antidotes are poison, and he slays
More than you rob: take wealth and lives together;
Do villany, do, since you protest to do't,
Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery:
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief, 440
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears: the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From general excrement: each thing's a thief:
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves: away,
Rob one another. There's more gold. Cut throats:
All that you meet are thieves: to Athens go,
Break open shops; nothing can you steal, 450
But thieves do lose it: steal no less for this
I give you; and gold confound you howsoe'er!
Amen.

Third Ban. Has almost charmed me from my
profession, by persuading me to it.

First Ban. 'Tis in the malice of mankind that
he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mys-
tery.

Sec. Ban. I'll believe him as an enemy, and give
over my trade. 460

First Ban. Let us first see peace in Athens: there
is no time so miserable but a man may be true.

[*Exeunt Banditti.*

Enter FLAVIUS

Flav. O you gods !

Is yond despised and ruinous man my lord ?

Full of decay and failing ? O monument

And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd !

What an alteration of honour

Has desperate want made !

What viler thing upon the earth than friends

470

Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends !

How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,

When man was wish'd to love his enemies !

Grant I may ever love, and rather woo

Those that would mischief me than those that do !

Has caught me in his eye : I will present

My honest grief unto him ; and, as my lord,

Still serve him with my life. My dearest master !

Tim. Away ! what art thou ?

Flav. Have you forgot me, sir ?

Tim. Why dost ask that ? I have forgot all men ; 480

Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt a man, I have forgot
thee.

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not :

I never had honest man about me, I ; all

I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.

Flav. The gods are witness,

Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief

For his undone lord than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weep ? Come nearer.

Then I love thee,

Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st

490

Flinty mankind ; whose eyes do never give

But thorough lust and laughter. Pity's sleeping :
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with
weeping !

Flar. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
To accept my grief and whilst this poor wealth lasts
To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward
So true, so just, and now so comfortable ?
It almost turns my dangerous nature mild.
Let me behold thy face. Surely, this man 500
Was born of woman.

Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
You perpetual-sober gods ! I do proclaim
One honest man — mistake me not — but one ;
No more, I pray, — and he's a steward.
How fain would I have hated all mankind !
And thou redeem'st thyself : but all, save thee,
I fell with curses.

Methinks thou art more honest now than wise ;
For, by oppressing and betraying me, 510
Thou mightst have sooner got another service :
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true —
For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure —
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
If not a usuring kindness, and, as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one ?

Flar. No, my most worthy master ; in whose
breast
Doubt and suspect, alas, are placed too late :
You should have fear'd false times when you did
feast :

Suspect still comes where an estate is least.
That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living ; and, believe it,
My most honour'd lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope or present, I'd exchange
For this one wish, that you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so ! Thou singly honest
man,

530

Here, take : the gods out of my misery
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich and happy ;
But thus condition'd : thou shalt build from men ;
Hate all, curse all, show charity to none,
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar : give to dogs
What thou deny'st to men ; let prisons swallow 'em,
Debts wither 'em to nothing ; be men like blasted
woods,

And may diseases lick up their false bloods !
And so farewell and thrive.

Flav. O, let me stay,

540

And comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hatest curses,
Stay not ; fly, whilst thou art blest and free :
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exit Flavius. Timon retires to his cave.*]

ACT V

SCENE I—*The woods. Before Timon's cave.*

Enter POET and PAINTER: TIMON watching them from his cave

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him? does the rumour hold for true, that he's so full of gold?

Pain. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him: he likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity: 'tis said he gave unto his steward a mighty sum. 10

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends.

Pain. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore 'tis not amiss we tender our loves to him, in this supposed distress of his: it will show honestly in us; and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travail for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation: 20
only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too, tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the time: it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of

saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will or testament which argues a great sickness in his judgement that makes it. 30

[*Timon comes from his cave, behind.*

Tim. [*Aside*] Excellent workman! thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

Poet. I am thinking what I shall say I have provided for him: it must be a personating of himself; a satire against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. [*Aside*] Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee. 40

Poet. Nay, let's seek him:
Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True;
When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. [*Aside*] I'll meet you at the turn. What
a god's gold, 50
That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple
Than where swine feed!
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark and plough'st the
foam,
Settlest admired reverence in a slave:
To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues that thee alone obey!
Fit I meet them. [*Coming forward.*

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon !

Pain. Our late noble master !

Tim. Have I once lived to see two honest men ?

Poet. Sir,

60

Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retired, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures — O abhorred spirits ! —
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough :
What ! to you,
Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being ! I am rapt and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see't the better : 70
You that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen and known.

Pain. He and myself
Have travail'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honest men.

Pain. We are hither come to offer you our service.

Tim. Most honest men ! Why, how shall I re-
quite you ?

Can you eat roots, and drink cold water ? no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

Tim. Ye're honest men : ye've heard that I have
gold ;

I am sure you have : speak truth ; ye're honest men. 80

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord ; but therefore
Came not my friend nor I.

Tim. Good honest men ! Thou draw'st a coun-
terfeit

Best in all Athens : thou'rt, indeed, the best ;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my lord.

Tim. Even so, sir, as I say. And, for thy fiction,
Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth
That thou art even natural in thine art.

But, for all this, my honest-natured friends,
I must needs say you have a little fault :

90

Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you, neither wish I
You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your honour
To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed ?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There's never a one of you but trusts a
knave,

That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord ?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dis-
semble,

Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,

Keep in your bosom : yet remain assured

100

That he's a made-up villain.

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well ; I'll give you
gold,

Rid me these villains from your companies :

Hang them or stab them, drown them in a draught,

Confound them by some course, and come to me,

I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way and you this, but two in company;

Each man apart, all single and alone, 110

Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.

If where thou art two villains shall not be,

Come not near him. If thou wouldst not reside

But where one villain is, then him abandon.

Hence, pack! there's gold; you came for gold, ye slaves;

[*To Painter*] You have work'd for me; there's payment for you: hence!

[*To Poet*] You are an alchemist; make gold of that. Out, rascal dogs! [*Beats them out, and then retires to his cave.*]

Enter FLAVIUS and two SENATORS

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with Timon;

For he is set so only to himself 120

That nothing but himself which looks like man

Is friendly with him.

First Sen. Bring us to his cave:

It is our part and promise to the Athenians

To speak with Timon.

Sec. Sen. At all times alike

Men are not still the same: 'twas time and griefs

That framed him thus: time, with his fairer hand,

Offering the fortunes of his former days,

The former man may make him. Bring us to him,

And chance it as it may.

Flav.

Here is his cave.

Peace and content be here ! Lord Timon ! Timon ! 130
Look out, and speak to friends : the Athenians,
By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee :
Speak to them, noble Timon.

TIMON comes from his cave

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn ! Speak,
and be hang'd :

For each true word, a blister ! and each false
Be as a cauterizing to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking !

First Sen.

Worthy Timon, —

Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

First Sen. The senators of Athens greet thee,
Timon.

Tim. I thank them ; and would send them back
the plague,

140

Could I but catch it for them.

First Sen.

O, forget

What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.

The senators with one consent of love

Entreat thee back to Athens : who have thought
On special dignities, which vacant lie

For thy best use and wearing.

Sec. Sen.

They confess

Toward thee forgetfulness too general, gross :

Which now the public body, which doth seldom
Play the recanter, feeling in itself

A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal

150

Of its own fail, restraining aid to Timon ;

And send forth us, to make their sorrow'd render,

Together with a recompense more fruitful
 Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;
 Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth
 As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs
 And write in thee the figures of their love,
 Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it;
 Surprise me to the very brink of tears:
 Lend me a fool's heart and a woman's eyes,
 And I'll bewEEP these comforts, worthy senators.

160

First Sen. Therefore, so please thee to return with
 us
 And of our Athens, thine and ours, to take
 The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
 Allow'd with absolute power and thy good name
 Live with authority: so soon we shall drive back
 Of Alcibiades the approaches wild,
 Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
 His country's peace.

Sec. Sen. And shakes his threatening sword
 Against the walls of Athens.

First Sen. Therefore, Timon, — 170

Tim. Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir;
 thus:

If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
 Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
 That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
 And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
 Giving our holy virgins to the stain,
 Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war
 Then let him know, and tell him Timon speaks it,
 In pity of our aged and our youth,

I cannot choose but tell him, that I care not, 180
And let him take't at worst; for their knives care
not,

While you have throats to answer: for myself,
There's not a whittle in the unruly camp
But I do prize it at my love before
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph;
It will be seen to-morrow: my long sickness
Of health and living now begins to mend, 190
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough!

First Sen. We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country, and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit doth put it.

First Sen. That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen, —

First Sen. These words become your lips as they
pass thorough them.

Sec. Sen. And enter in our ears like great triumph-
ers

In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them, 200

And tell them that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain

In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do
them :

I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

First Sen. I like this well ; he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it : tell my friends, 210
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself. I pray you, do my greeting.

Flav. Trouble him no further ; thus you still
shall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again : but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood ;
Who once a day with his embossed froth 220
The turbulent surge shall cover : thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.
Lips, let sour words go by and language end :
What is amiss plague and infection mend !
Graves only be men's works and death their gain !
Sun, hide thy beams ! Timon hath done his reign.

[*Retires to his cave.*]

First Sen. His discontents are unremovably
Coupled to nature.

Sec. Sen. Our hope in him is dead : let us re-
turn,
And strain what other means is left unto us 230
In our dear peril.

First Sen. It requires swift foot. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Before the walls of Athens*

Enter two SENATORS and a MESSENGER

First Sen. Thou hast painfully discover'd : are his
files

As full as thy report ?

Mess. I have spoke the least :
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

Sec. Sen. We stand much hazard, if they bring not
Timon.

Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend ;
Whom, though in general part we were opposed,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends : this man was
riding

From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,
In part for his sake moved.

First Sen. Here come our brothers.

Enter the SENATORS from TIMON

Third Sen. No talk of Timon, nothing of him ex-
pect.

The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choke the air with dust : in, and prepare :
Ours is the fall, I fear ; our foes the snare. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The woods, Timon's cave, and a rude tomb seen*

Enter SOLDIER, seeking TIMON

Sold. By all description this should be the place.
Who's here ? speak, ho ! No answer ! What is this ?

Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span :
 Some beast rear'd this ; there does not live a man.
 Dead, sure ; and this his grave. What's on this tomb
 I cannot read ; the character I'll take with wax :
 Our captain hath in every figure skill,
 An aged interpreter, though young in days :
 Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
 Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [Exit. 10]

SCENE IV — *Before the walls of Athens*

Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES with his powers

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
 Our terrible approach. [A parley sounded.]

Enter SENATORS on the walls

Till now you have gone on and fill'd the time
 With all licentious measure, making your wills
 The scope of justice ; till now myself and such
 As slept within the shadow of your power
 Have wander'd with our traversed arms and breathed
 Our sufferance vainly : now the time is flush,
 When crouching marrow in the bearer strong
 Cries of itself 'No more : ' now breathless wrong 10
 Shalt sit and pant in your great chairs of ease,
 And pury insolence shall break his wind
 With fear and horrid flight.

First Sen. Noble and young,
 When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
 Ere thou hadst power or we had cause of fear,
 We sent to thee, to give thy rages balm,
 To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
 Above their quantity.

Sec. Sen. So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love
By humble message and by promised means : 20
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

First Sen. These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands from whom
You have received your griefs ; nor are they such
That these great towers, trophies and schools should
fall
For private faults in them.

Sec. Sen. Nor are they living
Who were the motives that you first went out ;
Shame that they wanted cunning, in excess
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread : 30
By decimation, and a tithed death —
If thy revenges hunger for that food
Which nature loathes — take thou the destined
tenth,
And by the hazard of the spotted die
Let die the spotted.

First Sen. All have not offended ;
For those that were, it is not square to take
On those that are, revenges : crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage :
Spare thy Athenian cradle and those kin 40
Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall
With those that have offended : like a shepherd,
Approach the fold and cull the infected forth,
But kill not all together,

Sec. Sen. What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile
Than hew to't with thy sword.

First Sen. Set but thy foot
Against our rampired gates, and they shall ope;
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say thou'lt enter friendly.

Sec. Sen. Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress
And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alcib. Then there's my glove ;
Descend, and open your uncharged ports :
Those enemies of Timon's and mine own
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof
Fall and no more : and, to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning, not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be render'd to your public laws
At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alcib. Descend, and keep your words.

[The Senators descend, and open the gates.

Enter SOLDIER

Sold. My noble general, Timon is dead :
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea ;
And on his grave-stone this insculpture, which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression

Interprets for my poor ignorance.

Alcib. [*Reads the epitaph*] 'Here lies a wretched
corse, of wretched soul bereft :

70

Seek not my name : a plague consume you wicked
caitiffs left !

Here lie I, Timon ; who, alive, all living men did
hate :

Pass by and curse thy fill, but pass and stay not here
thy gait.'

These well express in thee thy latter spirits :

Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,

Scorn'dst our brain's flow and those our droplets
which

From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit

Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye

On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead

Is noble Timon : of whose memory

80

Hereafter more. Bring me into your city,

And I will use the olive with my sword,

Make war breed peace, make peace stint war, make
each

Prescribe to other as each other's leech.

Let our drums strike.

[*Exeunt.*

NOTES

ABBREVIATIONS

Abbott . Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar*, 3d edition.

F 1 First Folio (1623) of Shakespeare's plays.

F 2 Second Folio (1632).

F 3 Third Folio (1663 and 1664).

F 4 Fourth Folio (1685).

Ff All the Folios.

N. E. D. *A New English Dictionary* (ed. Murray).

M. E. . . . Middle English.

O. E. . . . Old English.

O. F. . . . Old French.

For the meaning of words not given in these notes, the reader is referred to the Glossary at the end of the volume.

The numbering of the lines corresponds to that of the Globe edition.

Dramatis Personæ. A list of the characters, though an incomplete one, is printed at the end of the play in F 1 — an unusual fact.

ACT I — SCENE 1

The acts and scenes are not divided in the Ff. Most of the stage directions are given there, though usually no locality is specified, and frequently the directions have to be amended by the modern editor. In the very first one, F 1 reads "Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and Mercer." No mercer appears in the scene, and so we leave him out of the stage direction.

The purpose of the first scene is to display Timon's lavish generosity and to intimate the danger that attends it. The Poet, the Painter, and others in the first half of the scene describe his prodigality, and then Timon himself appears and illustrates it through the last half by his gifts to Ventidius and to Lucilius, and by his kindness to the Poet, the Painter, the Jeweller, to Alcibiades, and even to Apemantus.

3. *It wears, sir, as it grows*, "it wastes, or wears away, as it grows older"; or possibly, "it wears well, holds its own."

4. *what strange*. The adjective modifies "rarity."

5. *record*, accented on the last syllable, as frequently in Shakespeare.

6. *Magic of bounty*, referring to Timon.

9. *fix'd*, certain.

10-11. *breathed . . . goodness*, trained by exercise to a goodness that cannot be wearied but remains continuous. To "breathe" a horse was to exercise him.

12. *He passes*, he surpasses (all praise).

14. *touch the estimate*, pay the price.

17. *a good form*, a well-cut jewel.

18. *water*, lustre.

19. *raapt*, absorbed, enraptured.

21. *gum, which oozes*. The Ff. read "gowne, which uses," which is meaningless. The reading here given is now almost universally adopted. The whole passage means "Our poetry flows from within; unlike the fire in the flint, which only a blow brings forth, the flame of poetry needs no external stimulus."

24. *flies each bound it chafes*. The Ff. read "chases," but "chafes" is commonly adopted in modern editions. The meaning is apparently that "Poetry overcomes all obstacles, like a stream that takes new impetus from the banks against which it chafes." But it must be said that the metaphors are mixed.

27. *Upon the heels of my presentment*, as soon as my book is presented to Timon (as its patron).

29. *comes off well*, is well executed.

30. *How this grace speaks his own standing!* If "his" is taken to mean "its," as frequently in Shakespeare, the simplest interpretation is "How the grace of the painting proclaims its own excellence," *i.e.*, speaks for itself.

33. *to the dumbness . . . interpret*. The dumb gesture is so eloquent that one could supply the words to go with it.

35. *mocking*, imitation.

37-38. *artificial strife . . . life*. The striving of art to outdo nature succeeds in these touches in making the picture more lifelike than life itself.

45. *my free drift halts not particularly*, my poem is of large scope and does not linger over petty details.

47. *a wide sea of wax*. Probably a hopelessly corrupt passage. It has been thought to allude to the ancient practice of writing on tablets covered with wax; also to mean "a waxing sea," *i.e.*, a swelling sea; both explanations seem desperate.

47. *no levell'd malice*, no personal spite. To "level" a gun was to aim it.

48. *Infects one comma*. "Comma," in Shakespeare's time, meant either the mark of punctuation or a short clause in a sentence, and either meaning is possible here.

50. *tract*, trace (of malice).

51. *unbolt*, explain. The language of the Poet is (perhaps designedly?) somewhat stilted.

52. *conditions*, classes (of people).

55-57. *his large fortune . . . tendance*, his great wealth, in the employment of his gracious nature, subdues and appropriates to his service.

58. *glass-faced*, with a face like a mirror, reflecting every mood of Timon's.

60. *abhor himself*, either "to loathe himself" or "to make himself abhorred."

65. *rank'd with all deserts*, covered with men of all degrees of merit.

66. *sphere*, earth.

67. *propagate their states*, advance their estates, fortunes.

70. *ivory*, white.

71-72. *Whose present grace . . . rivals*, whose present grace makes immediate slaves and servants of his rivals.

72. *conceived to scope*, fittingly imagined.

75. *Bowing his head . . . happiness*, leaning forward toward the mountain which he is climbing to his happiness.

77. *condition*, profession, art (of painting).

79. *better than his value*, superior to him.

82. *make sacred even his stirrup*, think it a sacred privilege even to hold his stirrup.

82. *through him drink the free air*, by his leave only (so they would pretend) breathe the air.

93. *mean eyes*, the eyes of humble men.

94. *The foot above the head*, *i.e.*, high and low changing stations.

96. *straight*, strict.

98. *those have shut him up*. For the omission of the relative pronoun, see Abbott, § 244.

99. *periods*, ends.

125. *qualities of the best*, the best accomplishments.

127. *her resort*, resort to her.

129. *Therefore he will be, Timon*. Ff. 1, 2, 3 read, "Therefore he will be Timon." The passage is not indisputably clear, and a large number of emendations have been suggested. Hanmer: "will obey Timon"; Johnson: "Therefore well be him, Timon"; Theobald: "Therefore he'll be my son"; Singer: "Therefore he will be rewarded, Timon"; Staunton:

Timon.

The man is honest;

Therefore he will be —

Old Athenian.

Timon,

His honesty rewards him in itself. —

But it is perhaps better to let the reading stand and interpret, "For that reason alone, *i.e.*, for the sake of honesty alone, he will be honest" — or, as the Old Athenian implies in his next words, "Virtue is its own reward."

144. *bond*, obligation.

147. *pawn*, pledge.

149. *never may . . . you*, let me henceforth regard any good fortune that may come to me as due to you.

152. *Vouchsafe my labour*, deign to accept this work of mine.

153. *anon*, soon.

157-160. *The painting . . . out*. The painting is almost the real man; for since dishonesty corrupts man's mind, a man's own face is a disguise; these pictures, on the contrary, are exactly what they seem.

165. *under praise*, in being praised too highly, so highly that one cannot afford to buy it. The jeweller understands Timon to say "underpraise," dispraise.

168. *unclew me quite*, disfurnish me completely. To unclaw a ball of thread was to unwind it.

168. *'tis rated . . . give*, the price is what a jeweller himself would pay for it — "cost price."

171. *prized by their masters*, valued according to the esteem felt for their owners.

199. *for the innocence*, for its lack of skill; or possibly mere irony is intended.

218. *doit*. A small Dutch coin, worth half a farthing.

241. *That I had no angry wit to be a lord*. The passage is probably corrupt, and no emendation so far has been satis-

factory. Theobald: "That I had so hungry a wit"; Collier: "so hungry a wish"; Mason: "an angry wish"; Singer: "an empty wit"; White: "an angry fit"; Deighton: "my angry will." There are many other guesses. Leaving the passage as it stands, we may conceivably interpret, "That, being a lord, I should lack angry wit (in which I now abound)."

251. *All of companionship*, all in one company.

257. *Aches*. A dissyllable, practically rhyming with "matches," as now pronounced.

259. *The strain of man's bred out*, the human race has degenerated.

261. *saved my longing*, appeased my craving.

263. *depart*, part, separate.

269. *omitt'st it*, allowest it to slip by unimproved.

281. *unpeaceable*, implacable.

288. *meed*, merit.

291. *All use of quittance*, all ordinary repayment.

SCENE 2

This scene, by the interpolator, displays the banquet that Shakespeare had planned in the preceding scene and exhibits further the kindnesses of Timon to his flatterers. The interpolator's intention was a good one, but the scene is very awkwardly written, and in one detail at least seems subversive of Shakespeare's plan. In the first lines the interpolator makes Ventidius offer to pay back the five talents with which Timon had redeemed him from prison. Now later on (ii. 2) Timon, in distress, sends to Lucullus, Lucius, and Ventidius for aid. Lucullus and Lucius are shown denying the request, but Ventidius is not, although a scene in which Ventidius should refuse aid would have been climactic. There is therefore reason to think that Shakespeare meant to provide three scenes in which respectively Lucullus, Lucius, and Ventidius should spurn Timon, and that he wrote the first two scenes; but that the interpolator, having made Ventidius in the present scene offer to repay Timon, found it difficult later to write a scene in which Ventidius should refuse, and so, in place of that, put in the scene in which Sempronius — who was never in Shakespeare's play — refuses. The argument is Fleay's; but see also Introduction, page xxv.

6. *free*, generous.

13. *faults . . . fair*, the faults of the rich are too easily excused.

22. *hang'd it*, alluding to the proverb, "Confess and be hanged" (Malone).

28. *ira furor brevis est*, anger is brief lunacy. Shakespeare very rarely quotes Latin.

35. *I myself would have no power*, etc., I wish to exercise no power to silence thee; therefore pray let my meat fill thy mouth.

37. *would choke me*, etc., thy meat, prepared only for flatterers, would choke me, for I am no flatterer.

45. *invite them without knives*. In Shakespeare's time it was customary for a guest at dinner to bring his own knife.

49. *divided draught*, a drink shared by two.

50. *huge*, great, celebrated.

53. *harness*, armor.

57. *he keeps his tides well*, punning with "flow," and meaning "He keeps his time for the cup to come around to him)."

59. *sinner*. Probably, sinful or causative of sin. But various attempts have been made to emend so as to rhyme with "mire," in the next line; as "weak to set a fire" (Staunton), "clear to be a liar" (Kinnear), "weak to be a sire" (Gould), "weak to be a fier" (Deighton).

65. *fond*, silly.

88. *use our hearts*, employ our good will.

90. *forever perfect*, eternally happy.

93. *why have you . . . heart*, why have you, out of thousands of men, the loving title of friend to me, but that you are truly devoted to me?

106. *properer*, more securely possessed; Latin *proprius*, own.

109. *made away*, dissolving in his tears.

110. *hold out water*, a reference to leaky boots.

112. *Thou weepest to make them drink*. Timon drinks to hide his tears, and they drink with him.

113. *Joy had the like conception in our eyes*, as in your eyes, so in ours, joy was born with tears.

128 133. The lines as given in the present text are Theobald's emendation for the Folio reading:

Haile to thee worthy *Timon* and to all that of his Bounties taste: the five best Sences acknowledge thee their Patron, and come freely to gratulate thy plentious bosome.

There tast, touch all pleas'd from thy Table rise:
They onely now come but to Feast thine eies.

140. *oil and root*, a philosopher's frugal repast.

142 144. *spend our flatteries . . . envy*. The general drift of the passage is, "We spend our flatteries in order to consume the wealth of those men upon whom, when they are old, we cast up our surfeit in the form of spite and envy." The pronoun "it" has no definite antecedent, and this somewhat obscures the passage. The whole speech wavers between prose and verse, and is typical of the inferior author.

145. *depraved or depraves*. "Deprave" means "slander."

163. *Flavius*. The interpolator mistakes this for the name of the steward, whom Shakespeare left nameless. See Introduction, page xxvi.

166. *crossing*, hindering.

168. *cross'd*, a pun with "crossing," two lines above. In the first line the steward means he cannot "cross," or thwart, Timon in his prodigality; in the second he means that, when Timon has sunk deep into debt, he will want to be "crossed" out of his creditors' books -- a conventional term for closing an account, according to Deighton.

169. *eyes behind*. "To see the miseries that are following her" (Johnson).

170. *for his mind*, because of his (generous) disposition.

203. *state*, estate, wealth.

210. *such as do e'en enemies exceed*, such friends as do more harm than enemies.

212. *bate too much of*, subtract too much from.

221. *affect*, desire.

229. *living*, means of livelihood.

231. *defiled*, a quibble with "pitch'd field."

237. *Serving of becks*, offering of obeisances.

238. *legs*, a quibble; "leg" meant "limb" and also "bow," or act of obeisance.

248. *in paper*. The meaning is not clear: "in bonds" or "in paper securities," though the usual explanation, smacks rather too much of the phrasing of modern finance. Emendation has also been attempted -- "in proper," "in person," "*in perpetuum*." But nothing is sure.

255. *thy heaven*. The good counsel that might have saved him.

ACT II — SCENE 1

The first threat of Timon's immediate downfall comes in this little scene where one of his creditors makes up his mind to make insistent demand for repayment while there is still a chance of succeeding, and dispatches a servant to Timon.

9. *it foals me straight, and able horses*, it foals straightway, and good horses too.

12. *no reason can found his state in safety*, by no process of reasoning can one believe that he will remain solvent.

20. *uses*, needs.

31. *gull*, a play upon two meanings of the word, an *unfledged nestling*, and a *dupes*. When all the creditors are paid Timon will be stripped bare.

33. *I go, sir*. The Ff. read:

Ca. I go sir.

Sen. I go sir?

Take the bonds along with you,
And have the dates in. Come.

Ca. I will sir.

Sen. Go.

The second "I go sir?" looks like the careless repetition of a printer, and to leave it out perfects the metre. "In compt" is Theobald's emendation.

SCENE 2

This scene falls into three distinct parts. Down to line 46 Shakespeare is writing of Timon's approaching calamity; at line 47 the other author makes the servants of Timon's creditors forget their appetites while they indulge their humor with Apemantus and his companions; and after this Shakespeare begins again and exhibits Timon's reckoning with his steward.

4. *resumes*, assumes.

5. *Of what is to continue*, of how things are to be kept up.

5 6. *never mind . . . kind*, never did a man act so unwisely in order to show his kindness.

9. In the Ff. the stage direction reads "Enter Caphis, Isidore, and Varro." Here, as in iii. 4, the servants seem to be called by their masters' names.

12. *I fear it*, I fear we shall not be discharged (paid).

20. *To the succession of new days this month*, from one day to another for a month past.

21. *occasion*, need.

23. *That with your other noble parts you'll suit*, that, as you are noble in all else, you will be so in paying this debt.

25. *next morning*, to-morrow morning.

38. *date-broke bonds*, Ff., "debt, broken bonds"; emended by Steevens.

39. *detention*, nonpayment.

69. *Gramercies*, many thanks; from the French *grand merci*.

73. *Corinth*, a term for a brothel, suggested by the reputation of the ancient city for immorality.

95. *to Lord Timon's*, an error of the interpolator's, who forgets that they are in Timon's house.

97. *If Timon stay at home*, i.e., as long as Timon stays at home, there will be a fool in his house.

115. *a spirit*, a thing that can assume various forms.

117. *artificial one*, alluding to the philosopher's stone, of power to turn base metals into gold, which alchemists were still searching for in Shakespeare's time.

138. *single vantages*, rare occasions.

140. *And that unaptness made your minister*, and that disinclination you made to serve.

150. *Prompted you in*, informed you of.

152. *Though you hear now . . . time*. The passage is somewhat doubtful, but probably means, roughly, "Though you now listen only too tardily, yet I must say now what I wanted to say before."

153. *The greatest of your having*, the total of your wealth.

155. *engaged*, mortgaged.

164. *husbandry*, good management.

167. *offices*, servants' quarters. The "feeders" who filled them were presumably the servants of guests Timon was entertaining.

171. *wasteful cock*. A large number of editors reject this reading of the Ff. and substitute "wakeful couch," "wakeful cot," "wakeful nook," "wasteful nook," or some other reading still less resembling the original. It has been argued that since in the printer's case *st* (one character in the type of that time) and *k* were in contiguous "boxes," the printer might easily have picked up an *st* instead of a *k*, and so set up "waste-

ful " instead of " wakeful " ; also (less plausibly) that the word " wakeful " might have been suggested to him by the word " cock," since the phrase " wakeful bird," or " wakeful cock," was a common one. There is nothing impossible in either supposition, but to assume both is going rather far to emend a passage that makes very good sense, and contains a striking image, as it stands. Indeed, the whole spirit of the passage is finely carried out if the steward retires to a " wasteful cock " (a faucet of wine or water left dripping in the riot of amusement) and lets his own eyes flow.

181. *are couch'd*, disappear.

184. *conscience*, judgment.

185. *secure thy heart*, reassure thyself.

186. *broach*, tap, set flowing. *the vessels of my love*, my friends.

190. *crown'd*, made glorious.

191. *That*, so that.

196. *severally*, separately.

209. *general*, usual.

213. *joint and corporate voice*, as one man.

214. *at fall*, at low ebb (financially).

218. *catch a wrench*, be twisted from its natural course.

219. *intending*, pretending.

220. *fractions*, bits of sentences such as have just been quoted.

221. *half-caps*, grudging salutations.

224. *hereditary*, as the heritage of age.

226. *kindly*, natural. punning with "kind," warm-hearted.

230. *ingeniously*, ingenuously, sincerely.

236. *good*, real, pressing.

241. *that thought is bounty's foe*, overconfidence in friends undoes generosity when it is disappointed in the unthankfulness of those friends.

242. *free*, generous.

ACT III — SCENE 1

The first of Timon's friends artfully refuses him help. This scene is the first of four leading up to the climax of the play in Timon's change of nature and flight from Athens. The first two of the four scenes are by Shakespeare, the others by the inferior author.

6. *basin and ewer*, gifts, of course, that he expects from Timon. Basins and ewers were more important for display in that day than now, since it was customary to put them before guests both before and after dinner.

7. *respectively*, respectfully.

19. *present*, immediate.

30. *honesty*, generosity.

36. *towardly prompt*, quick-witted enough.

49. *Is't possible . . . lived?* Is it possible that the world has so much changed while we have stayed the same?

64. *that part of nature which my lord paid for*, that part of his health and strength which my lord's food supplied.

‡ 66. *his hour*, possibly, his hour of pain; possibly, since "his" often means "its," and may here refer to "sickness," the duration of his disease.

SCENE 2

Another of Timon's friends deserts him, the purpose of the scene being to augment the disappointment of Timon, begun in the scene preceding. The faithlessness of Lucius is made even more emphatic by his preliminary protestations as to what he would do for Timon if Timon would only send to him.

13. *so many talents*, a certain number of talents; the speaker does not know precisely how many. The phrases "so much" and "so many," with this meaning, were in common use. Yet there is some reason for suspecting that "so many" is a misprint for "fifty," the correct sum, and at any rate there is a strange set of blunders in the amounts of money mentioned in the scene. The Second Stranger says (line 13) that Timon's man has asked Lucullus for "so many talents." Lucius in reply (line 25) boasts that he would not refuse Timon "so many talents." Thereupon another man of Timon's enters and asks Lucius (line 41) for "so many talents;" and Lucius answers:

I know his lordship is but merry with me;
He cannot want fifty five hundred talents.

One thing seems fairly certain in all this. Timon's man must have asked Lucius — as line 41 was written — for fifty talents, as he was sent to do; merely because the reply, "He cannot want fifty five hundred," is a possibly natural reply to a request for fifty and a virtually impossible one to a request for "so

many." This last "so many," then, was almost surely written "fifty," and is only a corruption. If so, the first two may be corruptions also—perhaps printer's errors. The "fifty five hundred" seems a random bit of confused exaggeration.

45. *virtuous*, pressing.

51. *that I should purchase . . . honour*, that I should lay out my money the day before for a little profit and prevent my now doing an honorable deed. This seems to be about the meaning, but the syntax of the passage is in question, and there may be some corruption. Many emendations have been proposed. Theobald: "for a little dirt"; Heath: "for a little profit"; Johnson: "for a little park"; Mason: "for a little pomp."

72. *spirit*, Theobald's emendation for "sport," in the Ff.

29. *he looks out in a ungrateful shape*, when exhibited in the form of ingratitude. "He" may refer to "man" or to "monstrousness," personified.

81. *in respect of his*, in proportion to his wealth (Lucius denies what a good man would give a beggar).

SCENE 3

The purpose of this scene, by the inferior author, is to complete the disappointment of Timon in his friends. It is highly probable that the interpolator supplied the scene in place of one, planned by Shakespeare, in which Ventidius should desert Timon. See Introduction, page xxv, and Notes, page 97.

6. *touch'd*, tested; as a metal was tested by the touchstone.

8. *has*. For the singular with a plural subject when the subject comes after the verb and is, as it were, undetermined when the verb is spoken, see Abbott, § 335.

12. *Thrive, give him over*. This is the reading of F 1. The other Folios have "That thriv'd, give him over." Either reading is awkward. Among the many emendations the most reasonable by far is Johnson's: "Thrice give him over."

28-30. *The devil knew not . . . set him clear*. The passage probably means that "the devil did not foresee that in making man crafty he would outdo himself, since the villainies of man would make those of the devil seem innocent."

31. *How fairly this lord strives to appear foul!* How elev-

only this lord strives to excuse himself, nevertheless remaining foul!

38. *wards*, bolts.

41. *liberal*, prodigal.

SCENE 4

In order to display Timon's sufferings more vividly and to lead him on to his mock-banquet, the interpolator has written this scene where various creditors harass Timon and drive him to fury. One of these characters is Shakespeare's character, Varro, mentioned in ii. 1. The others, Lucius, Titus, Hortensius, and Philotus, are unknown elsewhere in the play. On Lucius, who is surely not the Lucius of the next scene but one preceding, see Introduction, page xxvi.

13. *like the sun's*. Timon's days are short and dark; but will not, like the sun's, lengthen later.

25. *charge*, errand, commission.

27. *stealth*, stealing.

42. *in a cloud*, muffled up; also referring, with a quibble, to the steward's clouded disposition.

53. *You do yourselves but wrong*, you only waste your time.

61. *cashiered*, discharged.

64. *broad*, more freely.

83. *The place which I have feasted*. Timon personifies his own house as in conspiracy against him.

91. *Knock me down with 'em*, punning upon "bills," meaning "accounts" and also "weapons," as once used by soldiers, later by watchmen.

111. *So fitly?* Just in the nick of time?

112. *Lucius, Lucullus*, etc. F 1 reads "*Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius Vllorxa*: all." No explanation even semi-plausible of this queer name "Vllorxa" has ever been found. Among the substitutes proposed are "Ventidius, all" (White), "all, sirrah, all" (Globe), "all rogues, all" (Staunton), "all luxors, all" (Fleay). One of the most amusing bits of Shakespeare criticism ever written is Leo's laborious argument that *Vllorxa* = *Vliorxa* = *V li or xa* = *five pounds or ten angels!*

SCENE 5

The interpolator rightly felt that there was a gap in the part of Alcibiades between the first act, where the soldier is feasting

with Timon, and the fourth act, where, without appearing meanwhile, he comes forth making war upon Athens. The audience would demand at once to know why he is at war with the city, and the interpolator has written the present scene to obviate that question. But though he has given Alcibiades a reason for war, it is the wrong kind of reason. Instead of having him banished (as Shakespeare probably intended) for some reason related to Timon, he has him exiled for begging for mercy upon a murderer elsewhere unheard of. It is this which makes Alcibiades' espousal of Timon's cause in Act iv a little unnatural and unsatisfactory.

5. *compassion*, willingness to be compassionate.

14. *setting his fate aside*. Many editors substitute "fault" for "fate"; but "fate" is a good reading, meaning his "fortune," his hard destiny, as contrasted with his "virtue" — the contrast of "fortune" with "virtue" being a favorite one with Elizabethan authors. If any change is needed, I should propose "his fact." The word "fact" in Shakespeare usually means "evil deed"; and the sense of this reading would be carried on in the next line, "Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice."

17. *buys out*, atones for.

21. *unnoted*, perhaps "imperceptible," perhaps "undemonstrative."

22. *behave*, control: Rowe's emendation for "behoove," in the Ff.

24. *undergo*, undertake.

32. *breathe*, utter. *make his wrongs his outsides*, consider his wrongs as external to him, not inwardly vital.

34. *prefer his injuries to his heart*, take his injuries to heart.

42. *fond*, foolish.

46. *make*, do.

47. *abroad*, in the field.

48. *if bearing carry it*, if endurance is most praiseworthy.

52. *be pitifully good*, be good in showing pity.

54. *sin's extremest gust*. "Gust" may be taken as "taste," or, figuratively, "whirlwind" (of passion); the expression thus meaning "the worst desire of sin," or "the most violent whirlwind of passion."

55. *by mercy*. Johnson takes this phrase as an exclamation and interprets: "I call mercy herself to witness that defensive violence is just"; Malone: "Homicide in our own defence, by

a merciful and lenient interpretation of the laws, is considered justifiable." Other critics think that "by mercy" means merely "by your leave."

68. *a sin*, apparently drunkenness.

73. *infern'd*, alleged.

77. *his own time*; i.e., to die.

82. *good returns*, future good conduct in return (interest) for your mercy (investment) in sparing his life.

87. *On height of our displeasure*, on pain of our highest wrath.

105. *Only in bone*, perhaps a corruption, but no emendation so far is plausible. "At home," "alone," "indoors," and "in bed" have been proposed, but seem singularly tame, though not much tamer than the interpretation of the text, "That you may live to be mere skeletons, and scare men from looking at you."

115. *lay for hearts*, "strive to entrap, to captivate hearts" (Schmidt).

SCENE 6

The climax of the play comes in this scene where Timon, turned misanthrope, dupes his false friends. Shakespeare planned the scene and wrote certainly all the verse in it, and probably all the prose. But he left a gap in the motivation for the scene, and this the interpolator has been trying to fill in the third and fourth scenes of this act

8. *by the persuasion*, according to the evidence.

11. *many my near occasions*, my numerous urgent affairs.

18. *provision*, means, wealth.

37. *if they will fare so harshly*, if they will be content with such harsh fare.

52. *your better remembrance*, your remembrance of more important things.

88. *fees*. Hammer conjectured "foes" and is followed by many editors. But "fees" is intelligible as meaning either "forfeits to your vengeance" or "creatures holding their lives and properties in fee from you."

89. *lag*. Rowe's emendation for the Folio readings "legge" or "leg." Some editors prefer "tag." Either word would mean "dregs."

100. *your perfection*, your perfect image.

101. *with your flatteries*. In the Ff., "you with flatteries," which some editors retain; but the emendation better fits the sense of the passage.

106. *time's flies*. The summer flies referred to in ii. 2. 181.

107. *Cap and knee slaves*. (Cf. ii. 1. 18 and i. 2. 238.)

107. *minute-jacks*; perhaps the automaton figures, called "jacks," that struck the hours and quarters on old clocks, though possibly the word may merely mean "contemptible persons who change their minds every minute."

110. *physic, medicine*. Just what Timon throws at them is uncertain. Rewe inserted a stage direction, "Throws the dishes at them," and this is retained by many editors. Others think that Timon threw only warm water. In the last line of the scene it is implied that Timon threw stones, and this seems to be a reminiscence of the old play, where he pelted his guests with stones painted like artichokes.

122. *humour, caprice*.

ACT IV — SCENE 1

The powerful soliloquy that comprises this scene, where Timon is taking his departure from Athens, marks the complete revolution that has gone on within him. Nowhere in Shakespeare is the condemnation of mankind more blasting than here, and in a large part of what follows from Timon's lips in the rest of the play.

6. *general filths*, common strumpets.

14. *lined*, padded.

17. *domestic awe*, the respect due to parents.

20. *confounding contraries*, opposites that destroy each other.

21. *let*. The Folios have "yet," which some editors retain, interpreting the passage to mean, "Though all things seem hastening to an end, let no end come, but let confusion still live on."

25. *liberty*, licentiousness.

33. *detestable*, accented on the first syllable.

34. *multiplying bans*, accumulating curses.

36. *more kinder*. The double comparative is not uncommon in Shakespeare. See Abbott, § 11.

SCENE 2

In what is perhaps the tenderest scene of the play, Shakespeare shows Timon's household breaking up. Timon's servants have no hard feelings, against him or against each other, and their brief leave-taking is full of pathos. At line 30 the interpolator tags a soliloquy on to the scene, in which the steward resolves to follow Timon to the woods, and in which a drop in poetic style is easily noticeable.

10. *familiars to*. Hammer, Dyce, and others read "familiar from," which certainly clarifies the sentence. But "familiar to his buried fortunes" may mean "friends who must naturally know of his poverty."

13. *A dedicated beggar to the air*, a beggar dedicated to homeless roaming.

20. *dying deck*. As Clarke says, "Just one of those expressions that enrapture a poetic mind and disturb a prosaic one."

22. *this sea of air*. One would rather repeat the preceding note; but if analysis must be given, let it be Ingleby's: "The sea of air is that into which the soul, freighting his wrecked bark, the body, must at length take its flight" — whatever that may mean.

35. *all what state compounds*. This is seemingly a corruption. Walker suggests "all state comprehends"; White: "all that state compounds"; Deighton: "all that state comprehends," *i.e.*, comprehends.

38. *blood*, nature, temper.

47. *it*, the substance to sustain life.

SCENE 3

The long scene here beginning really continues into the next act, for there is no interval between the visit of the steward, with which the fourth act closes, and that of the Poet and the Painter, with which the fifth act opens; and indeed the Poet and the Painter are announced, curiously enough, as approaching far back in the fourth act. In the F1 the acts are not divided, and the visits of the various people to Timon's cave are continuous. For the sake of symmetry, however, modern editors begin the fifth act with the visit of the Poet and the Painter, and this division is wiser. The purpose of the whole

scene, or set of scenes, is to display Timon's hatred of mankind as it vents itself in different ways upon such different persons as his well-wisher and avenger, Alcibiades, his carping critic, Apemantus, upon the thieving bandits, the loyal steward, the sycophant Poet and Painter, and the servile senators of Athens. In many parts the scene is written in poetry of rare quality; but the essentially undramatic nature of the subject is nowhere more apparent than in this long scene where so much is said, and said so well, but where so little is done. For the interpolations in the scene, see Introduction, page xviii ff.

2. *thy sister's*, the moon's.

5. *dividant*, divisible, distinguishable. *several*, different.

6-8. *Not nature . . . nature*, human nature, open as it is to every blight, cannot even endure great fortune without despising beings of a like nature (who are less fortunate).

9. *deny't that lord*, deny fortune to that lord; "it" being used indefinitely for the fortune the beggar enjoys. A good many emendations have been proposed, however, for "deny't," as "denude," "degrade," "deprive," "devest," "decline," "demit," "deject."

{10-11. *The senator . . . honour*, the senator shall endure contempt as though it were his natural heritage, the beggar enjoy honor as though born to it.

12. *lards*, fattens. *rother's*, ox's. The Folio reads "It is the Pastour Lards, the Brother's sides," and the emendation here adopted is Singer's. There was a "rother market" at Stratford.

13. *lean*, Ff., "leave."

17. *smooth'd*, flattered.

18. *ducks*, bows down. *oblique*, awry.

19. *level*, honest, straightforward.

23. *fang*, tear with its fangs.

25. *operant*, powerful.

32. *Pluck stout men's pillows*, i.e., "men who have strength yet to struggle with their distemper. This alludes to the old custom of drawing away the pillow from under the heads of men in their last agonies, to make their departure easier" (Warburton).

35. *place*, advance to honor.

38. *wappen'd*; apparently meaning "worn-out." The word has been found nowhere else in this form. "Wappen-ing" occurs in *The Roaring Girl*, and "unwappered" in *The*

Two Noble Kinsmen, v. 4. 10, where the meaning is apparently consonant with that of "wapping" in the following quotation from *The Mirror for Magistrates*:

But still he stode to set his face awrye,
And wapping turn'd up his white of eye.

It is possible that the word here should be "wapper'd," and not "wappen'd," as in the Ff.

39 41. *She whom the spital-house*, etc., The woman at sight of whom even inmates of the lazaret-house and sufferers from ulcerous sores would be nauseated, this gold will renew to the fresh complexion of an April day.

44. *Do thy right nature*, i.e., set the world at odds. Timon says this as he hears the drum, and resolves to donate some of his gold to the warriors. Yet he immediately takes care to bury most of the treasure, leaving out only a part of it "for earnest." Johnson was apparently wrong in thinking that "do thy right nature" meant "lie in the ground."

47. *earnest*, pledge.

53. *misanthropos*, man-hater. North's Plutarch calls him "Timon Misanthropos."

71. *maintain my opinion*, prove by your actions that my opinion of mankind is right.

80. *minion*, favorite, darling.

81. *Voiced so regardfully*, acclaimed so highly.

85. *salt*, lustful.

87. *the tub-fast and the diet*, alluding to the former regimen of hot baths and fasting for certain diseases.

92. *penurious*, indigent.

108. *planetary*, alluding to the evil influence of the planets.

113. *habit*, dress. *honest*, virtuous.

116. *window-bars*. Johnson's emendation for "window Barne," in F 1. The allusion is to the cross-bar lacing, resembling lattice work, of the bodice.

119. *exhaust*, evoke, draw out.

121. *doubtfully*, ambiguously.

122. *sans*, without. *remorse*, pity. *objects*, objections, obstacles. It seems strange that all the commentators have passed over this simple meaning, amply confirmed by the *N. E. D.*, in favor of some more recondite meaning.

124. *proof*, resisting power (of armor); as in "waterproof."

133-134. *Enough to make . . . bawd*. Johnson's expla-

nation remains the most plausible: "Enough to make a whore leave whoring, and a bawd leave making whores."

135. *oathable*, to be believed on oath.

139. *conditions*, "vocations," or, possibly, "inclinations."

142. *close*, concentrated, ardent.

144 145. *Thatch . . . dead*, wear false hair, taken from the dead. The wearing of false hair was a very common custom in Shakespeare's time, but the dramatist himself is frequently caustic in his comments upon the practice.

152. *hollow*, marrowless.

156 157. *That scolds . . . himself*, that rails at the frailty of the flesh, yet sins himself.

159. *his particular*, his own advantage.

183. *crisp*, clear. All the commentators give "curled," as referring either to the concave sky or to the undulating clouds. But "clear" seems indicated by the *N. E. D.* as the meaning of the word here and in some other instances in Shakespeare.

189. *great*, pregnant.

196. *consideration*, kindly regard.

202. *infected*, morbid, with perhaps some notion of "affected."

212. *observe*, pay court to.

213. *strain*, trait.

223. *moss'd*. Hanmer's emendation for "moist," in the Ff.

231. *answer mere nature*, contend with the rude forces of nature.

242 243. *Willing misery . . . before*, cheerful poverty out-lives great wealth, which an accident may destroy, and is rewarded before it.

245. *at high wish*, at the summit of desire.

245. *best state . . . miserable*, the most fortunate man, if discontented, has a distracted and wretched life, worse than that of the least fortunate man, if he is contented; you, who are miserable *and* discontented, should only desire death.

254. *drugs*. Usually construed as another form of "drudges"; but it may mean "material things, comforts."

257. *different*, various.

275. *born the worst of men*, born of the basest parents.

312. *after his means*, after his means were gone.

325. *confusion*, destruction, ruin.

335. *unicorn*. According to tradition, the lion climbed a tree at sight of the unicorn, and the infuriated unicorn, rushing at the tree, stuck his horn fast in the trunk, and so became a prey to the lion.

341. *german*, akin.

343. *remotion*, removal.

363. *cap*, chief.

378. *presently*, immediately.

390. *touch*, touchstone.

402. *falling-from*, falling-off.

419. *want much of men*. Hanmer's reading for "want much of meat," in the Ff. It makes the line respond well to the preceding one, with a characteristic play on the word "want" — in the second case meaning "lack."

422. *mast*, fruit; in this case, acorns.

431. *limited*, regularized.

434. *scape hanging*, i.e., by dying of fever.

462. *true*, honest.

468. *alteration of honour*, change from honor (to disgrace).

474-475. *Grant I may ever . . . do*. Possibly, "Let me rather woo or caress those that *would* mischief, that *profess to mean me mischief*, than those that *really* do me mischief, under false professions of kindness" (Johnson). It must be said that the meaning is well hidden; and the better one knows the inferior author's verse the less one is surprised to find it all but meaningless here and there, especially in the rhyming portions.

491. *give*, give way (to tears).

492. *thorough*, through.

498. *comfortable*, comforting.

499. *mild*. In the Ff., "wilde."

502. *exceptless*, making no exception.

521. *still*, always.

533. *build from*, live apart from.

ACT V — SCENE 1

The scene is a continuation of the last one, no division being marked in the Ff.

9. *soldiers*. The banditti claimed (iv. 3. 416) to be soldiers.

12. *try*, test.

18. *having*, possessions.
 28. *deed of saying*, doing what one has said, or promised.
 37. *discovery*, exposure.
 47. *black-corner'd*. Schmidt suggests "hiding things in dark corners", Stevens, "obscure as a dark corner." Many substitutions for "corner'd" have been proposed — "cornered," "covered," "curtained," "coroned," "crowned," etc.
 51. *temple*, i.e., the human body.
 66. *influence*, an astrological term, going with "starlike."
 83. *counterfeit*, portrait, but with a double meaning.
 88. *natural*, another word with a double meaning: "faithful to nature," but also "faithful to your own nature," i.e., hypocritical.
 101. *made-up*, complete.
 120. *set so only to*, intent so singly upon.
 123. *part*, agreement.
 142. *in thee*, as concerns thee.
 151. *it*, its. The form is common. *fall*, the Folio reading, for which many editors substitute "fail," others "fault."
 165. *Allow'd*, entrusted.
 186. *prosperous*, propitious.
 196. *bruit*, rumor.
 202. *aches*, a dissyllable; see note on i. 1. 257.
 208. *close*, enclosure.
 216. *still*, always.
 220. *embossed*, foaming, bubbling.
 231. *dear*, desperate. The word is used in Shakespeare to intensify anything *near* to one, or important to one, whether *dear* in the modern sense or not; as when Hamlet speaks of his "dearest foe" (i. 2. 182).

SCENE 2

This short scene prepares for the end by announcing the approach of Alcibiades upon the city. The scene is all Shakespeare's. ¹

1. *painfully discovered*, told painful news.
 3. *expedition*, speed, expeditiousness.
 11. *imported*, concerned.
 15. *scouring*, hurrying of troops.

SCENE 3

This scene of ten lines only, not absolutely superfluous in the play, yet certainly not necessary to its continuity, seems to have been put in by the interpolator.

3-6. In lines 3-4 the soldier apparently reads an inscription; in line 6 he says he cannot read what is on the tomb. It has therefore been guessed that lines 3-4 are *spoken* by the soldier, who exclaims, "Some beast read this!" because *he* cannot read it. "Some beast rear'd this" has also been proposed. But Nicholson's explanation seems the best. The soldier enters, calling out, "Who's there? Speak, ho!" After a moment he says "No answer! What is this?" "This" proves to be some sign or other containing the inscription which forms lines 3-4. When the soldier has read this, he says, "Dead, sure; and this his grave. What's on this tomb I cannot read."

7. *figure*, kind of writing.

SCENE 4

Fighting out the wrongs which Timon can only swear at, Alcibiades ends the action by avenging the injustice done himself and Timon, and by restoring order and just authority in the city. Timon is dead, worn out with fruitless thunderings of execration; but a noble eulogy of his better days closes the tragedy.

7. *travers'd arms*, perhaps "folded arms," perhaps "reversed, idle weapons."

8. *flush*, ripe.

9-10. *crouching marrow . . . more*, when sinews that have been bent, but are now grown strong, assert their might

14. *conceit*, fancy.

28. *cunning*, wisdom.

31. *tithed death*, the death of one in ten.

35. *spotted*, guilty.

36. *square*, just.

47. *rampired*, protected with ramparts.

70-73. The two epitaphs, of two lines each, are from Plutarch (or Painter). It is possible that Shakespeare did not notice the contradiction between them; or it is possible that he copied both, intending to scratch one later.

76. *brain's flow*, tears.

84. *leech*, physician.

APPENDIX A

SOURCES OF THE PLAY

1. PLUTARCH

In North's translation of Plutarch's *Life of Marcus Antonius*, which Shakespeare used for *Julius Caesar* and for *Antony and Cleopatra*, the following passage occurs:

"Antonius, he forsook the city and company of his friends; and built him a house in the sea by the ile of Pharos, upon certain forced mounts which he caused to be cast in the sea, and dwelt there as a man that banished himself from all men's company; saying that he would lead Timon's life, because he had the like wrong offered him, that was before offered unto Timon: and that for the unthankfulness of those he had done good unto, and whom he took to be his friends, he was angry with all men and would trust no man. This Timon was a citizen of Athens, that lived about the war of Peloponnesus, as appeareth by Plato and Aristophanes' comedies: in the which they mocked him, calling him a viper and malicious man unto mankind, to shun all other men's companies but the company of young Alcibiades, a bold and insolent youth, whom he would greatly feast and make much of, and kissed him very gladly. Apemantus wondering at it, asked him the cause what he meant to make so much of that young man alone, and to hate all others: Timon answered him, 'I do it,' said he, 'because I know that one day he shall do great mischief unto the Athenians.' This Timon sometimes would have Apemantus in his company, because he was much like of his nature and conditions, and also followed him in manner of life. On a time when they solemnly celebrated the feast called Choe at Athens (to wit, the feasts of the dead where they make sprinklings and sacrifices for the dead) and that they two then feasted together by themselves, Apemantus said unto the other: 'O, here is a trim banquet, Timon!' Timon answered again: 'Yea,' said he, 'so thou wert not here.' It is reported of him also, that this Timon on a time (the people being assembled in the market-place about dispatch of some affairs) got up into the pulpit for orations, where

the orators commonly use to speak unto the people: and silence being made, every man listening to hear what he would say, because it was a wonder to see him in that place, at length he began to speak in this manner: 'My lords of Athens, I have a little yard at my house where there groweth a fig-tree, on the which many citizens have hanged themselves: and because I mean to make some building on the place, I thought good to let you all understand it, that, before the fig-tree be cut down, if any of you be desperate, you may there in time go hang yourselves.' He died in the city of Hales, and was buried upon the sea-side. Now it chanced so, that the sea getting in, it compassed his tomb round about, that no man could come to it: and upon the same was written this epitaph:

Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft:

Seek not my name: a plague consume you wicked caitiffs left!

It is reported that Timon himself, when he lived, made this epitaph: for that which is commonly rehearsed is not his, but made by the poet Callimachus:

Here lie I, Timon, who alive all living men did hate:

Pass by and curse thy fill: but pass, and stay not here thy gait.

Many other things could we tell you of this Timon, but this little shall suffice at this present."

2. PAINTER

The same story, taken from Plutarch, is told in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, a book that Shakespeare knew well:

"All the beasts of the world do apply themselves to other beasts of their kind, Timon of Athens only excepted: of whose strange nature Plutarch is astonied, in the life of Marcus Antonius. Plato and Aristophanes do report his marvellous nature, because he was a man but by shape only, separated from all neighbors and company: he never went to the city, or to any other habitable place, except he was constrained: he could not abide any man's company and conversation: he was never seen to go to any man's house, nor yet would suffer them to come to him. At the same time there was in Athens another of like quality, called Apemantus, of the very same nature, different from the natural kind of man, and lodged likewise in the middle of the fields. On a day they two being alone together at dinner, Apemantus said unto him, 'O, Timon, what a pleasant feast this is! and what a merry company

are we, being no more but thou and I!’ ‘Nay (quoth Timon), it would be a merry banquet indeed, if there were none here but myself.’

“Wherein he showed how like a beast (indeed, he was; for he could not abide any other man, being not able to suffer the company of him, which was of like nature. And if by chance he happened to go to Athens, it was only to speak with Alcibiades, who was then an excellent captain there, whereat many did marvel; and therefore Apemantus demanded of him, why he spake to no man, but to Alcibiades? ‘I speak to him sometimes,’ said Timon, ‘because I know that by his occasion the Athenians shall receive great hurt and trouble.’ Which words many times he told to Alcibiades himself. He had a garden adjoining to his house in the fields, wherein was a fig-tree, whereupon many desperate men ordinarily did hang themselves; in place whereof he proposed to set up a house, and therefore was forced to cut it down, for which cause he went to Athens, and in the market-place, he called the people about him, saying that he had news to tell them: when the people understood that he was about to make a discourse unto them, which was wont to speak to no man, they marvelled, and the citizens on every part of the city ran to hear him; to whom he said, that he proposed to cut down his fig-tree to build a house upon the place where it stood. ‘Wherefore’ quoth he ‘if there be any man among you all in this company that is disposed to hang himself, let him come betimes before it be cut down.’ Having thus bestowed his charity among the people, he returned to his lodging, where he lived a certain time without alteration of nature; and because that nature changed not in his lifetime, he would not suffer that death should alter or vary the same: for like as he lived a beastly and churlish life, even so he required to have his funeral done after that manner. By his last will he ordained himself to be interred upon the sea-shore, that the waves and surges might beat and vex his dead carcase. Yea, and that if it were possible, his desire was to be buried in the depth of the sea: causing an epitaph to be made, wherein were described the qualities of his brutish life. Plutarch also reporteth another to be made by Callimachus, much like to that which Timon made himself, whose own soundeth to this effect in English verse:

“‘My wretched catife days,
Expired now and past:
My carren corpse interred here,
Is fast in ground:

In waltring waves of swel-
 Ling sea by surges cast,
 My name if thou desire,
 The gods thee do confound.' ”

3. THE ENGLISH COMEDY OF TIMON

It is scarcely desirable to quote much from this play, which has been synopsized in the Introduction. A part of the scene of the mock-banquet should be quoted from the old play, however, since it was there that Shakespeare found the hint for the similar scene in his *Timon*:

Timon. O happy mee, equall to Joue himselfe!
 I going touche the starres. Breake out, O joy,
 And smother not thyselfe within my breast!
 Soe many friends, soe many friends I see;
 Not one hathe falsifi'de his faith to mee.
 What, if I am opprest with pouertie?
 And grieffe doth vexee mee? fortune left mee poore?
 All this is nothing: they relecue my wants;
 The one doth promise helpe, another golde,
 A thirde a friendly welcome to his house
 And entertainement; eache man actes his parte;
 All promise counsaile and a faithfull heart.

Gelasimus. Timon, thou art forgettefull of thy feast.

Timon. Why doe yee not fall to? I am at home:
 Ile standing suppe, or walking, if I please. —
 Laches, bring here the artichokes with speede. —
 Eutrapelus, Demeas, Hermogenes,
 Ile drinke this cuppe, a healtie to all your healths!

Laches. Conuerte it into poison, O yee gods!

Let it bee ratsbane to them! [*Aside*

Gelasimus. What, wilt thou haue the legges or els the winges?

Eutrapelus. Carue yee that capon.

Demeas. I will cutte him vp,
 And make a beaste of him.

Philargurus. Timon, this healtie to thee.

Timon. Ile pledge you, sir.

These artichokes do noe mans pallat please.

Demeas. I loue them well, by Joue.

Timon. Here, take them, then!

[*Stones painted like to them: and throwes them at them.*

Nay, thou shalt haue them, thou and all of yee!

Yee wicked, base, perfidious rascalls,

Thinke yee my hate's soe soone extinguished?

[*Timon beates Hermogenes aboue all the reste.*

Demeas. O my heade!

Hermogenes. O my cheekes!

Philargurus. Is this a feaste?

Gelasimus. Truly, a stony one.

Stilpo. Stones sublunary haue the same matter with the
heauenly.

Timon. If I Ioues horridde thunderbolte did holde
Within my hands, thus, thus would I darte it!

[*Hee hits Hermogenes.*]

Hermogenes. Woe and alas. my braines are dashed out!

Gelasimus. Alas, alas, twill neuer bee my happe

To trauaile now to the Antipodes!

Ah, that I had my Pegasus but here!

I'de fly away, by Ioue.

[*Exeunt all except Timon and Laches.*]

Timon. Yee are a stony generation,
Or harder, if ought harder may bee founde;
Monsters of Scythia inhospitall,
Nay, very diuells, hatefull to the gods.

Laches. Master, they are gone.

Timon now flies from Athens, and Laches, the faithful steward
of the old play, follows him.

APPENDIX B

METRE

1. METRE AS AN INDICATION OF DATE

English blank verse, a creation of the sixteenth century, was the metre of the first regular tragedy in England — *Gorboduc*, acted in 1562. For some twenty-five years after this date, however, plays continued to be written frequently in rhyme, until Marlowe and Kyd, immediate predecessors of Shakespeare, established blank verse as the metre of the Elizabethan drama.

The kind of blank verse that Shakespeare inherited from Marlowe was remarkable alike for strength and for inflexibility. There was relatively little variation of stresses within the lines, and nearly every line ended with a distinct pause and with a stressed syllable. The gradual development of the metre, in Shakespeare and in his contemporaries, is toward a greater flexibility, toward greater freedom in placing the stresses within the line, and toward a larger number of lines ending with an unstressed syllable, frequently an extra syllable, and of lines where no pause is possible at the end (run-on lines). Since Shakespeare's development in these directions is fairly continuous, the characteristics of the metre in a given play often offer good evidence as to its approximate date.

Shakespeare's verse in *Timon* shows, in general, the technique of his later middle period. In discussing it, we shall first give examples of normal blank verse, and then exhibit certain normal variations from this strict type, and certain real or seeming irregularities. A word will then be added as to the verse of the interpolator.

2. THE NORMAL TYPE

A normal blank verse consists of five feet of two syllables each, with a stress on the second syllable of each foot, and with a pause in the sense at the end of the line.

'Tis not' | enough' | to help' | the fee' | ble up' (i. 1. 107).

And grant' | as Tim' | on grows' | his hate' | may grow'
(iv. 1. 39).

But very few lines are so perfectly true to type as these; and if all or most of the lines in a given passage were so stringently correct, the passage would make very monotonous reading. The great majority of lines therefore represent some variation from this strict type, and the variations are of several kinds.

3. NORMAL VARIATIONS

(a). Variation may be caused by throwing the stress, in one or more feet, from the second to the first syllable.

FIRST FOOT:

Bow'ing | his head', against', the steep' | y mount' (i. 1. 75).

FOURTH FOOT:

The one' | is fill', ing still', | nev'er' | complete' (iv. 3. 244).

FIRST, SECOND, AND THIRD FEET:

Cap' and | knee' slaves, | vap'ours, | and min' | ute jacks'
(iii. 6. 107).

(b). Again, variety is often secured by the insertion of an extra unstressed syllable in a foot:

THIRD FOOT:

And my' | reli' | ances on | his fract' | ed dates' (ii. 1. 22).

SECOND FOOT:

No vil' | lanous bount' | y yet' | hath passed' | my heart'
(ii. 2. 182).

Sometimes more than one foot in a line will be thus affected:

THIRD AND FIFTH FEET:

Whose womb' | unneas' | urable, and in' | finite breast'
(iv. 3. 178).

Such additional syllables are not extrametrical, but correspond rather to the substitution of an anapaest for an iambus.

(c). Extrametrical syllables are sometimes added, occasionally within a line, and frequently at the end of one:

At du' | ty more' | than I' | could frame' | employ' | ment
(iv. 3. 262).

Whose dimp', led smiles' | from fools', exhaust' | their mer' | cy
(iv. 3. 119).

Occasionally two extra syllables are added:

And fence' | not Ath' | ens. Ma' | trons, turn' | incont' | inent
(iv. 1. 3).

(d). A very prominent variation in the direction of freedom in

the later plays is the disappearance of a pause in the sense at the end of a line. Many run-on lines occur in *Timon*, as in the following passage:

Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow and those our droplets which
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon: of whose memory
Hereafter more (v. 4. 75).

4. WEAK STRESSES

It should be observed that there are many lines in which there are not really five strong stresses.

You pot' | ent and | infect' | ious fe' | vers heap' (iv. 1. 22).

Lines like this are common. Somewhat less common are lines with more than five stresses, of which the following is a somewhat extreme example:

What' heart', | head', sword', | force', means', | but is | Lord
Tim' | on's? (ii. 2. 176)

5. IRREGULARITIES

(a). Occasionally lines are found containing six feet; but these are uncommon except in broken dialogue, or where proper names are introduced.

I'll teach' | them to | prevent' | wild' Al' | cibi' | ades wrath'
(v. 1. 206).

Timon. As I' | can bid' | thee speak'.

Steward. Assu' | rance bless' | your thoughts (ii. 2. 189).

(b). Incomplete lines of various lengths are sometimes found, rarely in long passages, somewhat more frequently in rapid dialogue:

Worse than the worst, content (iv. 3. 247).

Let our drums strike (v. 4. 85).

6. APPARENT IRREGULARITIES

(a). Before deciding that a line is irregular, however, one should always be sure that he is accenting all the words as Shakespeare would have accented them. Thus Shakespeare says *impor'-tune*, not *importune'* (ii. 1. 16). Shakespeare has both *record'* and *re'cord*:

Which manifold record' not matches (i. 1. 5).

Let me be re'corded by the righteous gods (iv. 2. 4).

(b). Certain terminations, like *-ion*, *-ius*, *-ious*, which we habitually slur, were frequently more fully pronounced in Shakespeare, especially at the ends of lines. Thus we pronounce "sedition" as *sedishon*; Shakespeare would usually pronounce it similarly in the middle of a line, but at the end of a line it would nearly always count for four syllables — *sedit-i-on*. So the termination *-ed* of the past participle is sometimes pronounced as a separate syllable and sometimes not, and the reader's ear must be his guide in pronouncing it in every case.

7. THE INTERPOLATOR'S VERSE

All the above observations will apply to the inferior author's verse also. But this writer has certain definite tricks, most of them awkward, that are not common in Shakespeare, and the chief of these should be mentioned.

(a). He uses far more rhymes than Shakespeare. Twenty per cent of his lines rhyme, whereas in this play Shakespeare has only four per cent of rhymes, and nearly all of these at ends of scenes; where a closing couplet was the rule.

(b). He indulges in many more irregular lines than Shakespeare — nearly five times as many.

(c). He vacillates between prose and verse, sometimes very frequently within a given scene or passage, and without apparent reason.

All of these traits of the inferior author are well displayed in such a scene as i. 2.

GLOSSARY

- anon** (i. 1. 153), at once, immediately. O.E. *on an*, meaning literally "in one (moment)."
- apperil** (i. 2. 32), peril, danger. The sole use of this word in Shakespeare, though it occurs several times in Jonson, and also in Heywood and Middleton.
- argument** (ii. 2. 187). Apparently the meaning in this instance is "contents." We still use the word in that sense in speaking of the "argument" of a poem. Through Fr. from Lat. *argumentum* < *arguere*, to prove. Hence it has, in Shakespeare's time, the meanings of (1) proof, (2) debate, (3) subject of debate, (4) object of debate.
- bate** (i. 2. 212; iii. 3. 26), lessen, subtract from; an aphetic form of *abate* < Fr. *abattre*, to beat down.
- bid** (iii. 4. 111), invite. O.E. *biddan*. A different word from *bid*, to order < O.E. *beodan*.
- caitiff** (iv. 3. 235; v. 4. 71), scoundrel; originally, "prisoner." From O.F. *caitif* < Latin *captivum*, captive. Mod. Fr. *chétif*, wretched.
- cog** (v. 1. 98), deceive; a word taken from dice play, in which to "cog" was to practice some unfair trick in making the dice fall as the player desired. "Cogged dice" now means loaded dice. The term "cogged" or "cocked" is used also when the dice hit something which affects the throw, or when they fall on an uneven surface, leaving a part of two surfaces up.
- coil** (i. 2. 241), bustle, confusion.
- composture** (iv. 3. 444), compost, manure. The earliest recorded use of the word.
- conceit** (v. 4. 14; v. 4. 77), imagination. The word is formed from the verb *conceive*, on the analogy of *deceit* from *deceive*, and means (1) conception, (2) thought, imagination, (3) personal opinion, and so (4) too lofty an opinion of one's own person. But this last meaning, though the common one now, is not found in Shakespeare.
- courage** (iii. 3. 24), mind, disposition.
- curiosity** (iv. 3. 303), fastidiousness. The original meaning of *curious* is "careful, painstaking."
- dich** (i. 2. 73). Only one other instance of the word has been found in English, and in this instance, as here, the word seems to have the general sense of "do good unto," "be of service to." The other instance is found in R. Johnson's *Kingdom*

- and Commonwealth* (1630): "So mich God dich you with your sustenancelesse sauce."
- ensear** (iv. 3. 187), dry up; perhaps a coinage of Shakespeare's, from *scree* or *sear*, faded, dry; the word is not recorded elsewhere.
- entertain** (iv. 3. 496), take into service.
- envy** (i. 2. 144), malice; O.F. *envie* < Lat. *invidiam*. The meaning of the word in Shakespeare fluctuates between the more general sense of "malice" and the more specific one of "jealousy," which is the exclusive modern meaning.
- fond** (*passim*), foolish, silly. M.E. *founed*, pp. of *fonnen*, < *fou*, a fool. To be foolish about a thing was frequently to be "infatuated" with it; and this is the only sense in which *fond* has persisted to our day.
- fracted** (ii. 1. 22), broken; cf. Henry V, ii. 1. 130: "His heart is fracted and corroborate."
- griefs** (v. 4. 14), grievances; cf. *Julius Caesar*, i. 3. 118.
- grise** (iv. 3. 16), step, gradation; in this instance, the persons in a certain gradation; cf. *Othello*, i. 3. 200, and *Twelfth Night*, iii. 1. 135. O.F. *grez*, plu. of *gré*, taken as a collective singular, meaning "staircase"; then a double plural *greces* or *greeses* was formed, meaning "a flight of steps"; and then, in the fifteenth century, a singular form *grece* or *grise* was deduced from this. See *N.E.D.*
- gules** (iv. 3. 59), red; a term from heraldry.
- incertain** (iv. 3. 243), an Elizabethan variant of *uncertain*.
- marry** (i. 1. 83), an exclamation, seemingly a corruption of "by Mary"; but all sense of profanity had been lost from the word by Shakespeare's time.
- mettle** (iv. 3. 179), spirit, active principle. The spellings *mettle* and *metal* are interchangeable in Shakespeare, and the words are in fact the same, since *mettle*, in the modern sense, is metaphorically derived from the "temper" of the *metal* of a sword.
- minion** (iv. 3. 80), favorite; Fr. *mignon*, dainty.
- monstrousness** (iii. 2. 79), abnormality, unnaturalness. Lat. *monstrum*, portent.
- mysteries** (iv. 1. 18), trades, callings. From Med. Lat. *misterium*, < Latin *ministerium*, and perhaps also confused with Fr. *maistrise*, mastery. The word has no connection with "mystery" in the modern sense, which is also found in Shakespeare.
- ort** (iv. 3. 401), leavings, scraps; frequently used of fragments of food left over from a meal.
- pill** (iv. 1. 12), pillage, steal; *pill* and *peel* are the same word, and the two forms continued synonymous in

- all senses till the seventeenth century, when the former form died out and the latter retained the meaning of "pare." O.E. *pilian*, apparently < Latin *pilare*, to make bare of hair (and probably of skin).
- prevent** (v. 1. 206), to get ahead of, anticipate; Lat. *praevenire*, to come before.
- pursy** (v. 4. 12), short-winded. O.F. *pourcif*, a variant of O.F. *poulsif*, short-winded, < Latin *pulsare*. It is related to the word "pulse," and has reference to the quick pantings of a short-winded person. Cf. Jonson, *Magnetic Lady*, iii. 4: Let's feel your pulse; It is a *pursiness*, a kind of stoppage, Or tumour of the purse, for want of exercise.
- quilllets** (iv. 3. 155), legal technicalities.
- rascal** (*passim*), originally a deer out of season, then a general term of abuse.
- remorse** (iv. 3. 122), pity; literally "repeated biting" < Lat. *remordere*, to bite.
- repugnancy** (iii. 5. 45), resistance.
- round** (ii. 2. 8), plain-spoken, frank.
- rout** (iv. 3. 43), mob, herd. Lat. *ruptum*, broken.
- sans** (iv. 3. 122), without. The word was borrowed from the French around 1350, and after being first used in French phrases only, became common as an English word, but later went out of use.
- semblable** (iv. 3. 22), image; another word imported from the French in Chaucer's time which died out after Shakespeare's.
- solidares** (iii. 1. 46). According to Maginn (*Shakespeare Papers*, ed. Mackenzie, 1856, iii. 135), "saludores," i.e., *saluts d'or*, were coined in France by the English Henry V, and are mentioned by Holinshed, Ducange, Rabelais, and others.
- speed** (iii. 2. 69), thrive.
- starve** (i. 1. 257), apparently equivalent to "cripple, paralyze." The word originally meant "to die"; being related to the German *sterben*.
- sufferance** (v. 4. 8), suffering, distress.
- swath** (iv. 3. 252), swathing clothes; figuratively here for "infancy."
- tell** (iii. 4. 96), count.
- tiring** (iii. 6. 5), eagerly intent. From O.E. *tyrgan*, to tear a prey, to seize and feed upon.
- to-night** (iii. 1. 7), last night.
- vouchsafe** (i. 1. 152), originally meaning "guarantee, avouch, secure"; then, since it was naturally only used of persons in authority who could grant such security, it came to mean "condescend to grant," or, as here, "condescend to accept."
- wink** (iii. 1. 48), overlook. To wink was to close the eye, and so fail to see what one did not want to see.
- whittle** (v. 1. 183), a clasp knife.

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